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Edited by AUSTIN HARRISON

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JUNE 1920

Poetry	Arthur Symons
	Enid R. Clay
	F. Y. Walters
	R. H. D'Elboux
The Approach to M. Marcel Proust	Richard Aldington
Captain von Papen's Ditty Box (iii)	"Ignotus"
Socialism and Liberal Ideals (ii)	Bertrand Russell
Chapters from Childhood (iii)	Juliet M. Soskice
The Dead Bishop	Chris Massie
Lord Kitchener	"Miles"
Confined as a Lunatic	"Oxonian"
The Garibaldi of Poland	Sir Thomas Barclay
At Spa	Austin Harrison
The Present Position of the Arts in England	Thomas Moult
"Skin Games," East and West	S.O.
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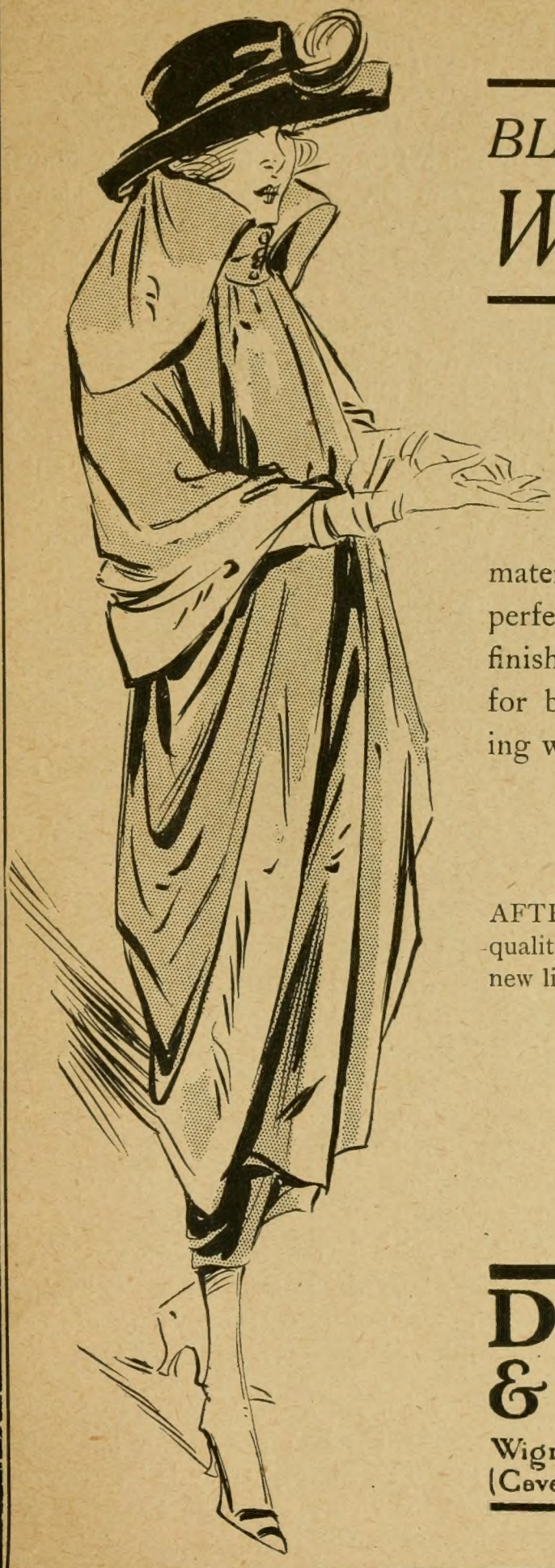

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Advertisement Supplement

An Appeal for Half-crowns.

¶ HALF-CROWNS are urgently wanted to pay for bread. This annual appeal, which comes to us from Dr. Barnardo's Homes, should find a ready response. Everyone should spare a thought for the Barnardo children when they know that over ten thousand Barnardo boys have fought on land and sea. Realising this, the thought will speedily crystallise into a deed, and the annual appeal for half-crowns will surely find a ready response. They are urgently needed to pay the food bill for the Barnardo family of over 7,300 children—children who may be destined to do great deeds for the Empire in the future. The provision of food for the largest family in the world is a serious problem, especially in these times of high food prices. Over 7,000 children have been admitted to Dr. Barnardo's Homes since war broke out, a large proportion being the children of soldiers and sailors. The need of funds is greater than ever this year, so everyone who can is asked to help the Homes to raise a large sum. The charter of the Homes is, as it always has been: "No destitute child ever refused admission." For more than fifty years they have clamoured, and for more than fifty years the same answer has been maintained: "Come!" Your half-crown (or possibly more) must go to these little ones as usual. All donations should be addressed to the Honorary Director, William Baker, Esq., M.A., LL.B., 18 to 26 Stepney Causeway, London, E.1.

An Unsolicited Testimonial.

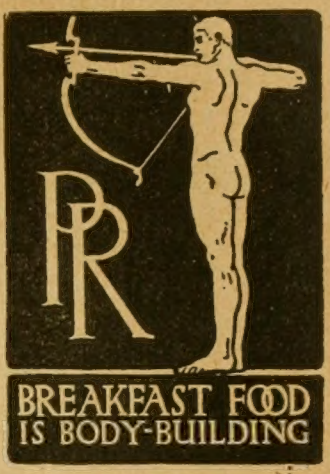
¶ A very remarkable testimonial to the resistant powers of the Palmer Tyre has recently been washed up by the sea in the form of a Bristol fighter's landing-wheel, and the tyre still sound and fully inflated, although its immersion had been long enough to rust the spokes from the rim, and release the buoyant tyre to slowly drift to Clacton. Motorists will appreciate this true story of the sea, because they know that their comfort and happiness, and not often their lives, depend upon the soundness of their tyres, and this remarkable test of endurance will confirm their appreciation of the Palmer Tyre, which, with its tough and wear-resisting tread upon its Cord foundation, is capable of standing the bumps and hazards of our post-war roads, and of carrying on regardless of the tearing stresses and strains of the way or the weather.

Personalia.

¶ There are some things which we must have of our very own. Who ever felt at home with another person's pen? One has only to look at one's handwriting to see that idiosyncrasy is its essence—the style may be the man, but the stylus is only an extension of his personality; hence the personal pen is no mere luxury, but a

To Hit the Mark of Perfect Health

Sinews and nerves require the necessary body-building material. Here is a valuable hint for the day's first meal. As a pleasant change from mushy porridge, try a crisp, dainty food that can be served without cooking direct from packet to plate.



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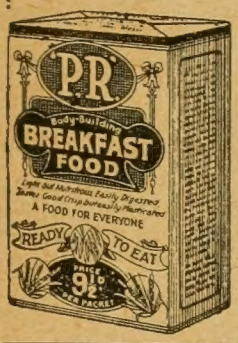

Rich in the organic natural salts now known to be essential to healthy blood, sound teeth and long life. It tastes good and will keep you feeling fit all the morning. Suits all ages and all digestions.

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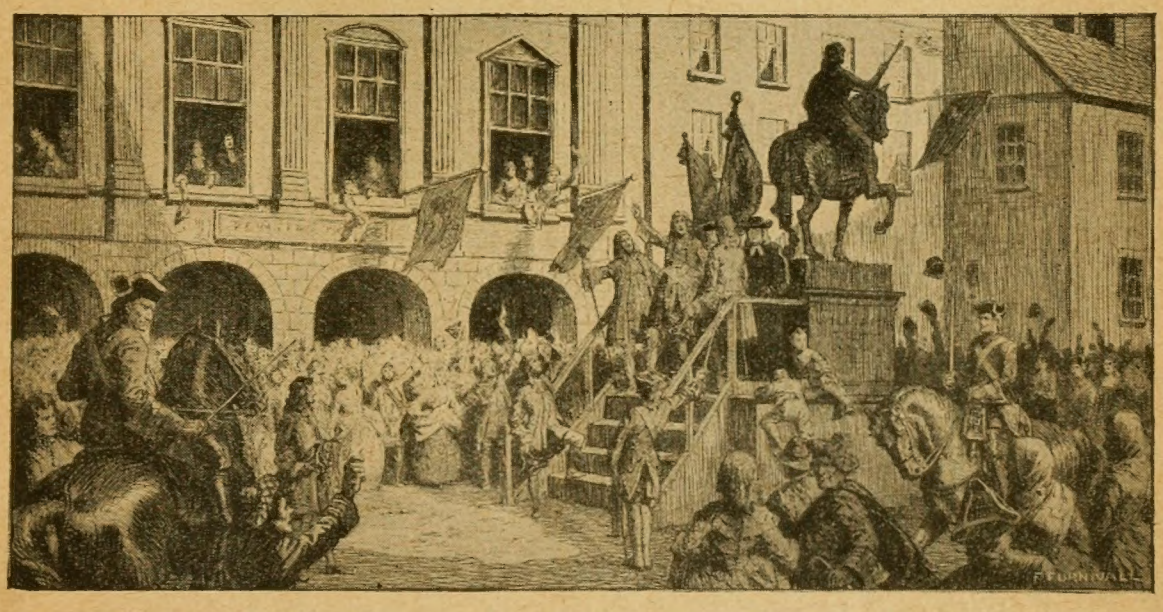

THE City of Glasgow possesses a number of equestrian and other monuments of historical interest, one of which is the Statue of William III, erected at the Cross. The illustration represents the scene when in 1735 it was presented to the city that has become a great centre of the Tobacco Trade and the home of Smith's Glasgow Mixture.

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S 363

true necessity if we are to write simply, easily, and well. A life-long tool such as the personal pen should be chosen well; it should have all the qualities, safety from leaks, swiftness in starting, lightness and durability—it should be capable of surviving minor mishaps, and, above all, it should be made simply and without complex and unnecessary parts. These are some of the desiderata attained by the great original Fountain pen—now called fount pen, or, briefly, Swan. No amount of advertising would have given the Swan its pre-eminent position without the solid qualities which honest work, best material, and ingenuity have brought about. The Swan has stood all the tests in war as well as in peace, and it is made with variations of point, capacity, and embellishment to suit all sorts of users and purses, but first, last, and all the time, the Swan is a bit of personal equipment which saves time, trouble, and temper. If in doubt, get a "Swan." Messrs. Mabie, Todd and Co., Ltd., will send an illustrated catalogue post free on request to them at 79 and 80 High Holborn, W.C.

Beautiful Pottery.

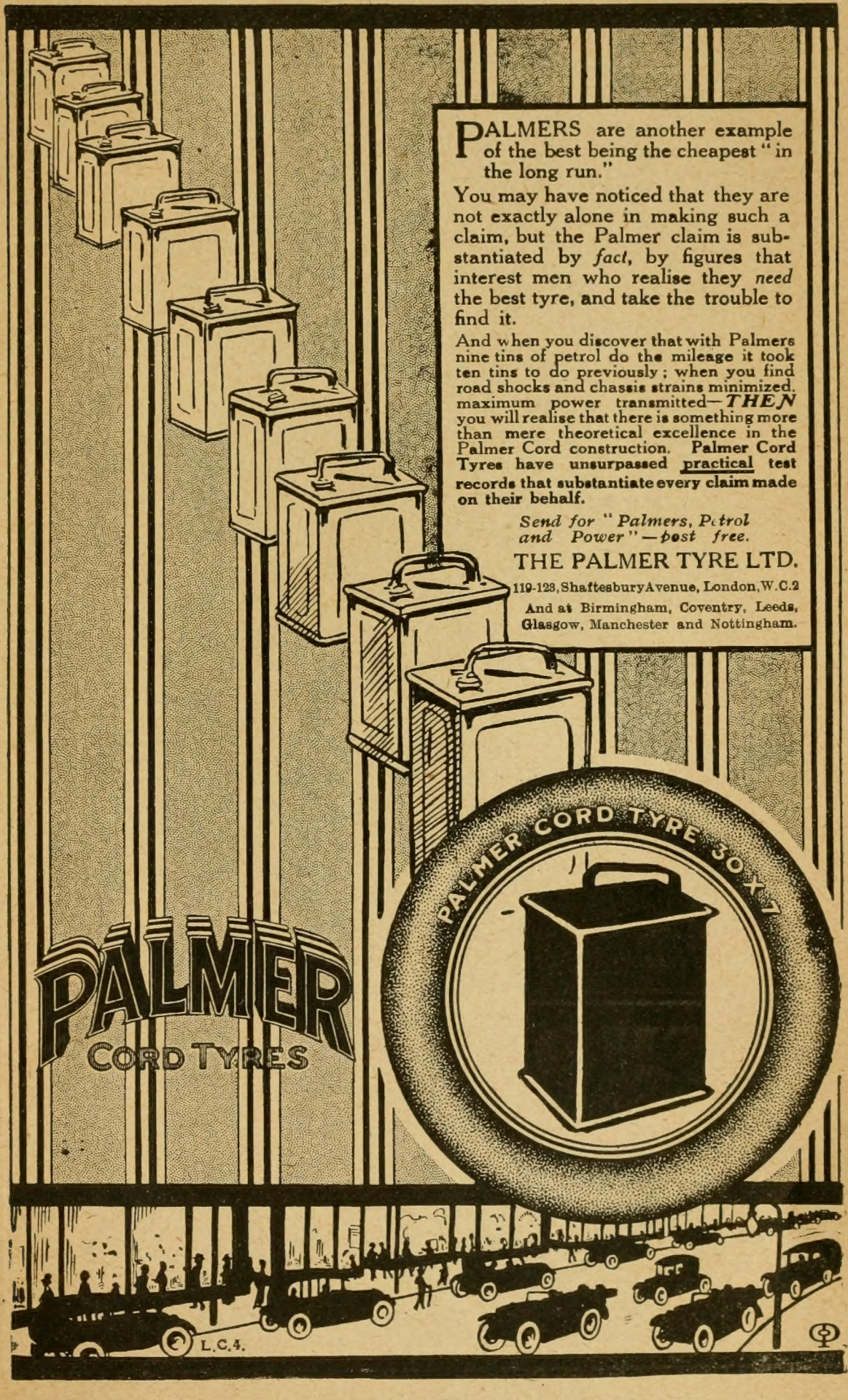
¶ Now that things for the home are being made again, we have many opportunities for securing some admirable pottery. Experiments have been made by conservative potters during the war, with the result that it is now possible to secure really beautiful examples of the potter's craft in modern mood, sane and shapely in form, and rich in colour, at moderate prices. Messrs. Heal and Son, Ltd., have a very fine selection at their showrooms in Tottenham Court Road, W. There are vases of the same simplicity and beauty of design as those of ancient Greece, which delight the eye at the British Museum. There are cups and jugs and dishes all fashioned in the most graceful designs, and these alone are worth a personal visit of inspection to Messrs. Heal's. But there are many other attractive examples of china and glass in the handsome and spacious *salons* on the first floor. Table wares and toilet wares are very attractive, especially some of the simple designs which are described as cottage wares. The willow pattern, of course, comes amongst these, and chequer patterns, which are very popular for their simplicity and neatness. The Persian rose, too, in leadless glaze is a bold and beautiful pattern, and the Flemish green, plain cream, and honey buff "cottage" are most desirable. One can get tea and breakfast services, dinner, coffee, and dessert services in all these varieties of ware, and the great advantage is that any piece can be matched and bought separately in case of breakage. The cottage toilet wares are also in willow pattern, Persian rose, and plain colours, while the Devon pitcher set is a very inexpensive style for those who want artistic simplicity. An illustrated catalogue of table wares and toilet wares will be sent on application.

Save the Children.

¶ A single child seen with our own eyes, dying of slow starvation, grubbing in the earth for roots, or greedily eating dandelion leaves or offal, would move us to indignation, tears, and instant help. Five million starving children in Central Europe and the Near

PALMER POINTS No4

Economy



PALMERS are another example of the best being the cheapest "in the long run."

You may have noticed that they are not exactly alone in making such a claim, but the Palmer claim is substantiated by *fact*, by figures that interest men who realise they *need* the best tyre, and take the trouble to find it.

And when you discover that with Palmers nine tins of petrol do the mileage it took ten tins to do previously; when you find road shocks and chassis strains minimized, maximum power transmitted—***THEN*** you will realise that there is something more than mere theoretical excellence in the Palmer Cord construction. **Palmer Cord Tyres have unsurpassed practical test records that substantiate every claim made on their behalf.**

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East seem somebody else's business—say Switzerland's, or America's. Perhaps this is too strong a statement, for we are helping, or feeling helpless sympathy. In the latter case the way is plain. The address of the Save the Children Fund is 26 Golden Square, W.1, and Lord Weardale, the chairman, will instantly acknowledge your contribution. 2*s*. will give a daily dinner to one child for a week, £1 will feed and clothe a starving and perishing mite, and £100 will feed a thousand children for a week. In Serbia alone there are 500,000 fatherless children, of which number 150,000 are entirely destitute. The Armenian children are in a worse state, if possible, and Austria is a land of dwarfed and stunted slowly dying children. This is the business of us all. Could there be a more pressing or urgent cry, a plainer duty, or a more noble revenge than "save the children"?

Nourishing Brown Bread.

¶ Bread dries up and becomes unpalatable very quickly in summer time, and a choice should be made carefully of the best kind to eat. Bermaline is particularly good for keeping fresh and moist. It is just the bread for the hot weather, and it is especially nourishing for invalids and children. Indeed, one can practically live on Bermaline with fruit and eggs and milk while the heat waves continue. Anyone who has not tried Bermaline should do so without delay. Any reader of the ENGLISH REVIEW who writes to Bermaline Mills, Ibrox, Glasgow, will receive a free sample loaf, and the address of the nearest Bermaline baker.

The French Hock.

¶ France, like ourselves, has determined to do without German wines, and has produced a light, clean-flavoured wine under the generic style of "Moseloro," which is in all but name a good Moselle, the indispensable adjunct to the earlier courses, and at all times a most agreeable and wholesome beverage. "Moseloro," in the very slope-shouldered bottle which contains it, conveys the hock idea, and it is classed by connoisseurs as a sound and high-class Moselle. Made from selected grapes, this excellent estate wine solves for the *bon vivant* the problem of sumptuary patriotism, and involves no sacrifice of taste, for Moseloro is the thing itself, and is far superior to the ordinary run of pre-war Moselles. It is obtainable at all leading hotels, restaurants, and wine merchants, or direct from Moseloro, 15 Charlotte Street, W.

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Mr. G. R. SIMS.
Photo by [*Lavis, Eastbourne*

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IT has always been a matter of business pride with us that we can positively suit any hand with a "SWAN." Every steel pen has its counterpart in style somewhere in our wide and well-arranged pen stock, and our expert "selectors" spare no pains in their work—often a difficult matter—but their experience, a sample steel nib, and a specimen of handwriting are the means to the end we seek—a satisfied customer.

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12/6, 15/-, 21/-, 25/-, 30/-, upwards

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INEXPENSIVE GOWN DEPARTMENT

Spring, 1920

Note. — Owing to the difficulties in procuring reliable materials we are unable to guarantee that the garment illustrated will always be in stock, or that the price quoted will be maintained.

Dainty **Frock** in novelty designs of figured voile, with small picot edged frills on skirt and bodice.

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PACKED IN VARYING DEGREES OF STRENGTH TO SUIT EVERY CLASS OF SMOKER.

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Player's "TAWNY" NAVY CUT -
Player's "WHITE LABEL" NAVY CUT **10½D.**

Per Oz.

Also PLAYER'S NAVY CUT DE LUXE, a development of Player's Navy Cut, packed in 2-oz. and 4-oz. airtight tins at 2/4 and 4/8 respectively.

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May we send you a copy of our Gas Economy Series Leaflet No. IV. which deals with Gas Fires?

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THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Edited by Austin Harrison

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Dr. Barnardo's Homes

7,318

CHILDREN NEED FOOD

and prices are high.

WILL YOU SEND

2/6

to the Annual Collection of Half-crowns?

10,715 Barnardo boys fought for you.

Cheques payable "Dr. Barnardo's Homes Founder's Day Fund" and crossed, may be addressed to the Honorary Director: William Baker, Esq., M.A., LL.B., 18 to 26, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1.

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There are qualities in

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that make it as nearly perfect a tobacco as is possible, and a sure source of pleasure with every pipe.

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Fragrant — cool — clean.

Boardman's is the same tobacco but milder, and Recorder the same but fuller flavoured.

In 1 and 2 oz. lead packets and 4, 8 and 16 oz. tins at 1/1 per oz. from all tobacconists.

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MATINÉE quality during the war was maintained *absolutely*, but stocks had dwindled almost to zero before the purchase of the Macedonian crop was possible in the January of 1919.

MATINÉE progress was therefore checked by this pound-wise policy of refusing to lower the standard.
We are now able to offer again to connoisseurs unlimited supplies of

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Turkish Cigarettes

blended and made of the exquisite Macedonian leaf
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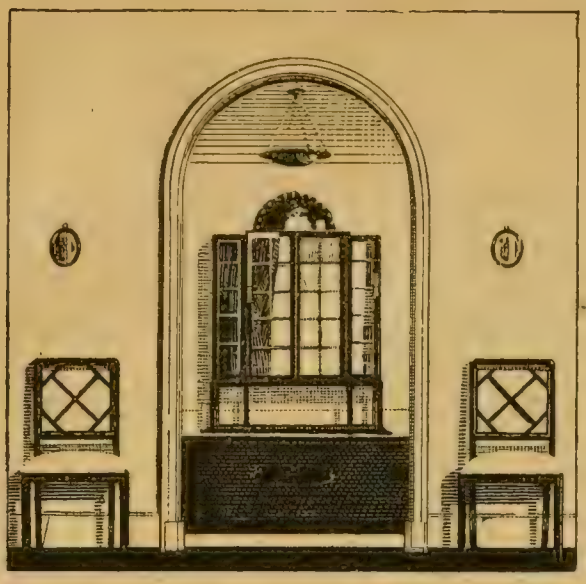


SPACE

THE æsthetic argument against the common foible of over-crowding rooms with furniture is now stoutly supported by that of enforced economy. Let your pieces be beautiful and few enough for their beauty to have space enough to reveal itself.

Distinguished furniture, antique, antique reproduced and adapted, as well as frankly modern is to be seen at

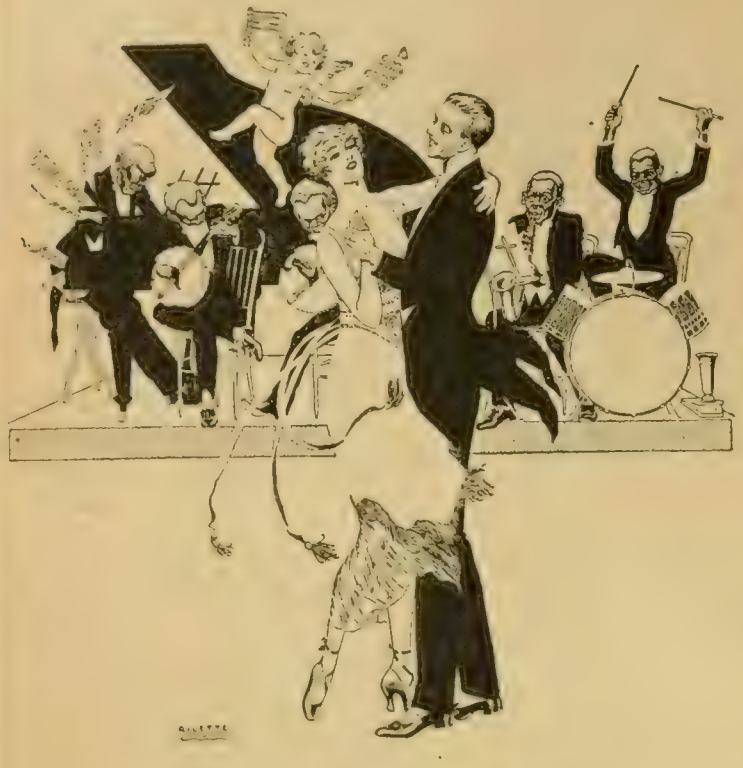
Heal & Son Ltd

TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD W

POPE & BRADLEY
Civil Military & Naval Tailors
of OLD BOND ST LONDON W

THE EXCESSIVE PROFLIGATES' TAX

By

H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

The Beautiful Rag

To meet the many requests, reproductions of some of this series of pictures, including "The Interrupted Jazz," "The Beautiful Rag," and "Victory," are now published in colour, 17" by 12" at 1s. each.

Loving Life as I do . . . at times . . . I am beginning to hope that the gods do not love me.

For apparently it is an age in which those whom the gods love . . . and the Bureaucrats hate . . . die young.

Pessimists say, "The good die young." Optimists say, "The young die! Good!" (I am not a literary thief and this is not a culled quotation. I wrote it myself three years ago.)

Trusting nothing, and not myself entirely, I argue no longer on the ethics of war . . . a disgusting nausea to all but the rapacious few . . . but the cold historical fact remains that a million of Britain's youngest and best were physically killed.

And now that we are reaping the rare and refreshing "fruits of victory," the remnants of Britain's youth are to be financially killed.

The misnamed Excess Profits Tax . . . engendered by the Bureaucrats' excessive profligacy, and now raised to 60 per cent., is an iniquity.

It is a stab in the back to Development; a knock-out blow to Enterprise; a millstone round the neck of Progress.

If it does not absolutely ruin, it will leave in a hopeless condition of stagnation the great majority of Britain's youngest, most progressive, and most brilliant business men.

And this at a time when the country depends entirely upon Progress and maximum Production to save it from national Bankruptcy.

No man can now live on his pre-war income, and out of every £1,000 a business man makes, with this Excess Profits Tax and Super Tax, the Government demands roughly £750 . . . to squander.

It is absurd! To capitalise any business development on these terms is impossible.

And to what purpose are we to submit to this colossal taxation?

Having won "the war to end wars," nearly two years afterwards our Ministry of Munitions asks for £58,000,000 for "salaries and expenses" for 1920. At one time we heard much of making "a land fit for heroes to live in"; the official aim has once again been revised, and now reads, "a land fit for bureaucrats to enjoy." It would be Gilbertian were it not Machiavellian.

The Food Ministry is a ramp and a farce, but it is costing us millions. And we all hate the food almost as much as we hate the Ministry.

I have kept guinea pigs, and even more beautiful things in life, but I can find no joy in keeping a bad bacon controller at £1,500 a year.

Personally, I refuse to develop my business any further, because all incentive is killed. I have no ambition to achieve a wonderfully successful year merely in order to pay the Inland Revenue enough to provide for the "Messengers and Cleaners" of the Food Ministry, who alone cost us £13,000 a year.

After this Budget I am considering whether I shall become a "messenger" or a "cleaner," but having responsibilities I shall probably choose "bad bacon."

* * * * * * *

The prices quoted by the House are below market cost, because the materials were bought a year ago. And even if they had not been I would rather sell at a loss, than pay a tremendous Income Tax and have the money thrown in the gutter to parasites.

* * * * * * *

Lounge Suits from £12 12s. Dinner Suits from £16 16s. Dress Suits from £18 18s. Overcoats from £10 10s. Riding Breeches from £5 15s. 6d.

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& ROYAL EXCHANGE MANCHESTER

THE

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The Dance of the Seven Deadly Sins

By Arthur Symons

A large and empty room, with a door on the right and an open fireplace on the left. On each side of the fireplace sit an old MAN *and* WOMAN, *representing the Body and the Soul; the* MAN *holds an hour-glass in his hand, the* WOMAN *a staff, with which she stirs the fire of logs.*

THE SOUL. O brother Body, we are old.
What is this numb and trembling cold
That sets us shaking like thin boughs?
Is it not winter in the House?
Sit closer to the fire and stir
The logs till they are cheerfuller,
And put a warmth into our knees;
And think no more of memories,
When we were younger, and could feel
The blood in us from head to heel.

THE BODY. O Soul, my sister, is it you
That now I must give answer to?
You who of old when I was sick
Would heal me by some heavenly trick,
And set before me when I would
The meat of dreams to be my food?
Have you forgotten with our youth
That what we will for truth is truth,
And that the flames have always been
A mirror where our eyes have seen

The dancers of those ecstasies
That were to our first opening eyes
Immortal spirits, exultant flames,
Names with the seven unspoken names?

THE SOUL. I can call up those dancers.

THE BODY. Call
The dancers up, and let them all
Dance the old way, and let them each
Speak the old way, or some new speech.
Call up the dancers.

THE SOUL. All is vain.
We live, and living is the pain
We die of while we live. This earth
Was made in some celestial mirth,
Not for our pleasure. I, who seem
But to remember in a dream
Some sleep bewildered thoroughfare,
Dream not, remember, and despair.

THE BODY. Dream always, and remember not.
I, if I dreamed, have yet forgot
Even the sleep. One hour I hold,
An hour-glass sifting sands of gold.
Call in the dancers, for they give
Bonds to the moment fugitive,
Wings to the moment slow to pass;
Shake out the sands in the hour-glass,
Sister, O Soul, call back to-night
My dancers, spirits of delight!

The door opens, and the STAGE-MANAGER, *in a mediæval dress, comes in and goes up to the front of the stage and says:*

Here, to the Soul's and Body's eyes,
Out of the flames seven spirits rise;
Now the first spirit, Lust, begins
The Dance of the Seven Deadly Sins.

While he is speaking the door again opens, and a DRAPED FIGURE *enters. The* STAGE-MANAGER *retires to the right-hand side of the stage, and stands watching every movement. The* DRAPED FIGURE, *after a few steps in a slow dance movement, stands behind the Body and the Soul, unseen by them, looking into the fire as if into a mirror, and speaks. He is Lust. Each Sin dances in turn.*

THE SOUL. O Body, it is true that I
Gave to the Worm the wings to fly?

SLOTH *enters and speaks.*

THE SOUL. Body, this spirit whose slow feet
Scarce stir the tiniest flame to beat,
Has surely drunk out of your veins
This slave's quiescence in its chains;
I have no part nor lot therein.

THE BODY. Thereby is Sloth the less a sin.

AVARICE *enters and speaks.*

THE BODY. This burdened spirit is of both,
This busy Kinswoman of Sloth,
This curb upon our speed, this guest
Beneath the table at the feast,
Who, sated, like a dog would hoard
The bones he snatches from the board.

GLUTTONY *enters and speaks.*

THE BODY. This sacred spirit of excess
Speaks wisdom in its wantonness.
Sister, my Soul, know all fruits
That grow with earth about their roots,
And there is nothing more divine
Than I have tasted in earth's wine;
Yet, filled and drunken, I have sighed,
Unsated and unsatisfied,
For those far fruits of Paradise,
The heavenly orchard of your eyes.

ANGER *enters and speaks.*

THE SOUL. O Body, my kind enemy,
This is the voice that speaks in me
When, for the love of that delight
Which is your presence day and night,
I pour my anger for your good
Over you, like a searching flood.
O Body, it is late; the sands
Sink through the hour-glass in your hands,
And where the fiery dancers are
The wood's last ashes slowly char,
And I am cold again. The voice
Of Anger is a foolish noise,
A foolish and unfriendly thing,
Body, not worth remembering.

PRIDE *enters and speaks.*

THE SOUL. We, too, O Body, have been proud.

THE BODY. Yea, as a dead man of his shroud.

THE SOUL. I, even as Pride, have lifted up
The one intoxicating cup
Of all the knowledge of the world.

THE BODY. And I, as Pride, have snatched and hurled
The cup of Knowledge in the dust,
With hands of force and feet of lust.

ENVY *enters and speaks.*

ENVY. My name is Envy among men.
I am the eyes of love, and when
The lover looks upon the eyes
That casket all his Paradise,
I am the longing greed of him,
And my desire makes bright the dim
Reflection of all lovely things
With covetous imaginings,
And of unlovely things I make
Things lovely for my longing's sake.
I am desire of good, desire
Of beauty, I alone inspire
Perfecting thirsts that emulate
Each last draught of the ultimate.
I know no measure, nothing is
Unsought by my swift avarice,
That would unyoke the shining seven
Pleiades from the shafts of heaven,
Unanchor the moon's crescent boat,
Ravish the song from the bird's throat,
And from all mortal sweets distil
The elixir of the impossible.
Man knows me not; he calls my name
Envy, not knowing what I am.
I speak all tongues; also I speak
The learning all the ages seek,
Some capture, and all leave behind;
I take the earth into my mind,
Unto my heart I gather love.
I lust not, nor sloth-heavy move,
No miser nor no wine-bibber,
Nor is my tongue hasty to stir,
Nor my eyes proud; but I am wise
As the snake's tongue, the woman's eyes.

THE BODY. Dancers, I tire of you. I tire
Of all desire save one desire.
THE SOUL. Dancers, I tire of you. I tire
Of all desire save one desire:
That I were free of you. Mine eyes
Are heavy with your mockeries.
Dancers, I am more tired than you.
When shall the dance be danced all through?
The fire is nearly dead; and one
By one the last sands fall; the sun
Will meet the darkness on its way.
O Body, is it nearly day?
THE BODY. Would it were that last day of days!

The STAGE-MANAGER *comes forward to the front of the stage.*

STAGE-MANAGER. *Does not each morning that decays*
To midnight end the world as well,
In the world's day, as that farewell
When, at the ultimate judgment-stroke,
Heaven too shall vanish in pale smoke?

Jeu d'Amour

By Enid R. Clay

MARCH winds were blowing when we met—
(And so the game was started)
You blew a breath of love to me
That left me broken-hearted.

June roses scented all the air—
(The game seemed so worth winning)
Their glory mingled with your kiss,
And never thought it sinning.

And still for some the March winds blow,
And roses perish never;
For all may play—and some must lose—
For ever and for ever.

A Trap for Dreams

By F. Y. Walters

Come in from the dark night,
  Shut fast the door;
I have kept the lamp alight
  And swept the floor,
And put away from sight
  What passed before.

Be still; rest and forget;
  This hour redeems
The long day's toil and fret;
  The firelight gleams
Where dusk and silence set
  A trap for dreams.

Your tired head resting, so,
  Beneath my hand,
For a little while we'll go
  In Twilight Land,
Silent, because you know
  I understand.

To R. M. L.

By R. H. D'Elboux

He died I know, but why,
Why should he die,
Or die so horribly
Away from me?

It was not just of Death
To snatch his breath
So suddenly, and leave
Me alone to grieve.

We smiled when last we met:
(I'll not forget
That sweet, slow smile of his
I so much miss).

Then he walked on to meet
Death's welcome feet,
While I lag far behind,
Stumbling, and blind—

Not blind, for otherwise
His tranquil eyes
Would not be watching me
So frequently,

But gazing through a void
I once enjoyed,
Seeking Death's kindly face,
And winsome grace,

To aid me to my friend
That, at the end,
We may together stand
In wonderland.

The Approach to M. Marcel Proust

By Richard Aldington

When we speak of literary filiation we have frequently to make quite considerable mental reservations in the use of the term, for it is not so much the mere game of tracing influences which is involved as the implied definition of the artist's status, his relation not to the men of his own period, but to his illustrious predecessors. Conducted with tact, the investigation is a kind of criticism; it is at any rate a first means of approach. In the case of quite definitely minor intelligences—a Dowson or a Collins or, to be a little classically pedantic, a Calpurnius Siculus—men who have simply found a nugget or two in a mine previously worked by a more competent hand; in such a case we can hardly talk of literary filiation in the precise sense. Here, if it is not a matter of imitation "pure and simple," it is at least a case where the smaller mind is self-ranked as such by its almost dazzled yielding to the greater. And in the case of sturdier minds which have achieved a certain something which we yet know almost by instinct to be devoid of distinction—a Wells or a Bourget—here again our filiation is of small importance. It is like trying to persuade ourselves that an agreeable *parvenu* has the surface, the inimitable manner of some finished example of the centuries' selection. But apply the method to an *écrivain de race*, one who at least appears to be in the grand line, and the result is illuminating. Either we find that our subject is not quite so fine as our enthusiasm proposed, a little uneasy among the permanent residents of Parnassus, or we discover that we have put down the outline of a critical sketch. To establish these relationships, these spiritual ancestries as it were, is as important to the student of literature as the correct tracing of family descents is to an enthusiastic genealogist. Of course, no contemporary author can appear to us with the prestige of those whose memories have suffered from

generations of incense burners, just as a Howard to-day is not the same thing as a Howard of the sixteenth century. But the mere fact of noting the filiation has its uses if only those of introduction and of avoiding the merely uncomparative method of criticism which leaves one wondering whether the superlatives are superlatives or only politenesses. It means that we are judging an artist by his peers and implies the compliment that we consider the immortals as such. "Influences," as such, are uninteresting; but it is valuable to trace the main roots of a vigorous growth, or, to vary the metaphor, to select an artist's spiritual affinities, the minds he would frequent in some ideal Elysium of the Landor kind.

As an artist, M. Proust does nothing without significance; or rather everything he does, even his use of the word "and," or of a blank space, has a significance. His recent article on Flaubert in *La Nouvelle Revue Française* not only displayed a critical finesse which left one breathless, but revealed the writer's own methods, inasmuch as he was doing startling things with prose and achieving unheard-of subtleties. It is hardly fantastic to see in M. Proust's "Pastiches" not so much a set of parodies which would rank above even a brilliant book like "A Christmas Garland," as a statement, oblique but unmistakable, of his literary filiation. There may be a further significance in the fact that this book is dedicated to an American, which is at least piquant and suggestive. I feel almost sure that in publishing these elaborate essays in the styles of his predecessors—pastiches which are at once a criticism and an homage—M. Proust had the intention of showing us a few of the writers from the study of whom he has built up his own unique style and something of the fabric of his thought. Balzac, Flaubert, Sainte-Beuve, Henri de Régnier, the Goncourts, Michelet, Faguet, Renan, and Saint-Simon—this is at once a formidable list of "great names" and, if the phrase may be used without impropriety, a somewhat heterogeneous paternity for an artist. Yet the list is by no means complete, for we must add to it the name of an Englishman—let the supermodern reader prepare to start—John Ruskin, and probably Chateaubriand and Mallarmé.

I see I was right to speak of that list as "formidable,"

not because of the implied pretentiousness, but because of the very elaborate analyses which would become necessary if these relationships were minutely discussed. The responsibility may be thrown on M. Proust; he is not only an elaborate artist, but the cause of elaboration in others. His work is perhaps the most complex literary "problem" of this decade; it is certainly the most fascinating. But I can do no more than hint at the immense opportunities for literary analysis which I see in this problem. To pursue them at all far would involve me in endless subtleties. Yet one or two suggestions may be usefully made.

It will be noted that only five of the first ten artists named were novelists; the others were historians, critics, philosophers, and writers of memoirs. This is significant, for if M. Proust is first of all a novelist of tremendous ability, he is also an acute critic, a philosopher in morals and a writer of contemporary history. His work is the first attempt at a synthesis of modern European civilisation, localised at a point of intensity. It is this attempt (and its success), one of the many motives of the million word "A la Récherche du Temps Perdu," which gives the volumes which have appeared their first startling importance. The book has so many roots, so many intentions; it is packed so full of meaning, of thought and observation, that it is a kind of literature in itself.

The writer of memoirs, of contemporary social history, is conspicuous in M. Proust. If this side of varied talent links him partly to Balzac it also proves a closer filiation with Saint-Simon. It is not the modern habit of decrying Balzac which causes me to set M. Proust above him in this particular; it is because M. Proust has a conception of the art which places him, lower indeed than Saint-Simon, but in Saint-Simon's class. Balzac too often wrote as a woman acts; from intuition. His observations on social life, his attempts at an epitome of the civilisation he lived in, are generally brilliant guesses, sometimes rather ridiculous guesses. Saint-Simon, with his more restricted purpose, enjoyed the advantages of really knowing the life he described and the characters he analysed. The creative value of his work is not greater than Balzac's, it is not even more voluminous, but it has that sense of reality which is the gift of intimacy alone (in comparison with which

Balzac's writing appears like that of an art critic insufficiently educated in pictures), it has so many of those details and shades of meaning which are the life of memoirs. To speak of Saint-Simon in the terms of a French Pepys, as an English critic recently did, is an enormity of bad taste and insensitiveness. The likeness is that of a well to a lake. M. Proust, with his extreme sensitiveness in critical perceptions, understands perfectly the significance of Saint-Simon as an artist, in sharp distinction to his significance as an author of documents which time has invested with interest. M. Proust has studied and used Saint-Simon's methods in rendering his own observations of modern life. And merely because they are observations of modern life, M. Proust's writings have a more intimate if less stately and imposing meaning for us. The complicated but perfectly controlled knowledge, the enthusiasm for a "situation" which Saint-Simon put into the discussion of some problem of precedence, some court manœuvre, are devoted by M. Proust to the modern interests of psychological analysis, a nuance of sentiment, a delicate relationship, an appreciation of some fine distinction. When he describes so minutely the exact manner and air in which Swann raised his hat during a certain period of his life, or renders that amazing dinner-party with M. de Norpois, M. Proust is definitely doing for his age and generation what Saint-Simon did for his. The conditions, the "data" of the problem are all changed; the method is the same. It is M. Proust's misfortune that he is dealing in fact—in spite of certain exceptions which remain like fine old houses in a modern street—only with a luxurious *bourgeoisie*, preoccupied essentially with what is "*chic*" as distinct from what is really cultured. He feels the lack of an established aristocracy, which was so precious an asset to Saint-Simon. And inasmuch as M. Proust's own intelligence is aristocratic, he is an anachronism. He suffers in the same way as Renan, who could never find a place in an omnibus because he was too polite to precede another passenger. He lacks that ordered state of society where an exquisite refinement of this kind is foreseen and compensated by privileges.

I do not wish to create the feeling that M. Proust is a pompous or intolerably refined person, though I can see a

line of argument which would represent him merely as the most astonishing case of neurasthenia which ever existed. But in each case his manners are too good for him to be any of these. His sensitiveness, that habit of mind which can only be described by the misused "cultured," is so intimate, so unforced, and yet so controlled that the personality disengaged from his books becomes something typical and representative, an ideal presentation of the best in the old world, as Whitman, in another sense, was of the new. The complaints directed against M. Proust's amorously detailed analyses and the inordinately long curves of his thought are unjustified. M. Proust is neither a pompous nor a wordy writer. Unhesitatingly one can point to Flaubert as his closest predecessor and he shares with Flaubert that salt of irony which makes "Bouvard et Pécuchet" one of the world's greatest satires. M. Proust has assimilated Flaubert's methods and even refined on them. One can trace the Flaubert manner throughout his pages, not as an "influence," but as a similar habit of mind. In some respects even M. Proust's gigantic novel is a new, more detailed "Education Sentimentale." M. Proust has a conception of his art as high as Flaubert's. Their minds are the same kind of diamond, but whereas Flaubert's was shaped in a few facets, M. Proust's glitters innumerably. He is in some respects a Flaubert indefinitely elaborated. And his highly complex form of narrative should have no difficulties for those who have assimilated "Ulysses" and "Mary Olivier" and Miriam's interminable impressions. M. Proust is more coherent than Mr. Joyce, more urbane, less preoccupied with slops and viscera. His scale is more gigantic than anything Miss Sinclair has yet attempted. And he is not merely an impressionist like Miss Richardson. He can be an impressionist, a marvellous impressionist, when necessary, he can use that almost fabulous virtuosity one admires in Miss Richardson's work, but he can do so many things more. You could furnish a new Rochefoucauld and another volume to Montaigne from his pages. With all one's admiration, one cannot say that of Miss Richardson. And though M. Proust can describe a public convenience with a precision and verve which would have aroused the jealousy even of Flaubert, he is devoid of that acrid Tertullian-like

spirit which, in Mr. Joyce, makes one uneasily conscious that he is engaged in the moral vulgarity of disparaging the universe. M. Proust has the urbanity, the fine manners Nature denied to Mr. Joyce when she gave him genius; he has the vast scheme of civilisation which Miss Sinclair has not yet tried to render; he has a significance we look for in vain in Miss Richardson.

M. Proust's admiration for Ruskin is one of the typical, distinctive characteristics of his mind. It is not the affected admiration for Ruskin's "purple periods," which Wilde professed, and it is certainly not a sympathy for Ruskin's peculiar views on art. It is an admiration directed towards Ruskin's essential appreciativeness, his capacity for the assimilation and understanding of beauty, his reverence for the arts as symbols and expressions of civilisation. Often, especially in modern Paris, you will find an art looked upon as something self-supporting, as if it had an existence of its own, independent of the civilisation in which it lives and by which it should be nourished and of the past from which it grew. This error, which is being cleverly though perhaps unconsciously exposed by the young "Dadaistes," leads inevitably to death, and is profoundly repulsive to M. Proust. We can observe it in a thousand little points of his writing. He finds it as unpleasant to repudiate a dead artist as he would the memory of a relative. Perhaps one of the most useful things proved by his books is that a mind steeped in tradition, a mind almost fastidiously respectful, has nevertheless created one of the most original novels of the time.

Captain von Papen's Ditty Box (iii)

By "Ignotus"

THE next letter is from a former comrade, Captain von Arnim of the 4th Guards Infantry Division, and is chiefly interesting as betraying the average German officer's monumental ignorance of American resources :—

IN THE FIELD.
4th April, 1917.

Affairs in America are now becoming acute. From a military standpoint, the Americans will furnish only a nominal corps-in-aid, even should it arrive unscathed. Pecuniarily, it is certainly a reinforcement for the enemy. What use, however, are war declamations that are not made good? It is to be hoped that we have sufficient U-boats appreciably to close the American Atlantic Coast, even if not thoroughly to blockade it.

A short time previously von Papen's cousin, Freiherr von Zedlitz, a typical Prussian Junker, had written him as follows :—

BERLIN.
28th January, 1917.

We have been having interesting lectures here lately, for instance, one by Rohrbach; it isn't necessary to be as cracked as he is, but one is obliged to agree with a great deal of what he says.

I should much like to hear from sensible people in South America to what extent our trade deserves this consideration; one has a kind of impression that we make too many hashes, for example, here recently in a *fête* in honour of American business men.

Wilson is a queer card, doesn't fit into this world at all, at least not into the Concert of Europe with his Embassy.

A proof of it is the English blockade of the German Ocean, with an extension to the Western Danish coast, and the Northern Dutch coast. Until we take action in the terms of our Note of February 4th, 1915, we cannot get forrarder; clarity and a prospect of results would thus be created.

The opponents of this method of treatment mutilate it more and more.

Paul Rohrbach, who is mentioned, was a well-known Russophobe, and from von Zedlitz's phrasing it is not difficult to identify him as one of the breed that eventually succeeded in getting ruthless submarine war proclaimed.

Let his wife, writing two months later, now speak :—

BERLIN.
2nd March, 1917.

DEAR FRANZ,

You seem to be a perpetual bogey to the Entente, but they don't betray how you could have got into Mexico; perhaps by the *Bremen*, and that is the explanation of the riddle of its disappearance!

Stein's speech yesterday was really brilliant, and it surely is high time that attention should be directed from the proper places to the French atrocities.

Hans Gebsattel and Adolph Friedrich Mecklenburg visited the interned men in Switzerland in January, and related fearful things about the tortures, the traces of which the poor prisoners carry on their bodies like martyrs.

The English statesmen have suddenly abandoned their super-brave speeches, and one no longer hears them say "The nut is already cracked and Germany must cry for mercy," and also "The gag will be squeezed ever tighter till Germany has no more breath left."

That has all passed.

The *Daily Mail* now has articles columns long about Germany's infamy in trying to starve England out; Anna's sister gets the *Daily Mail* and that's how we know.

Of the persons mentioned by the Baroness von Zedlitz in her letter, Stein was the Minister for War, Hans Gebsattel was General Baron von Gebsattel, commanding the IIIrd Bavarian Army Corps, and the Duke of Mecklenburg is a brother of Prince Henry of the Netherlands, husband of Queen Wilhelmina.

Her hysterical outburst of sympathy seems a trifle misplaced, and would do her infinitely more credit if directed towards improving the lot of Germany's own war prisoners.

The last point of reference is the *Bremen*, Germany's second *commercial* U-boat launched, which, after one successful journey to New York, never reached her home port again; this boat, together with her sister the *Deutschland*, though used as a blockade runner, was primarily exploited for the intimidation of neutrals, in order to show how Germany triumphed over all outwardly insuperable difficulties.

It is now necessary to direct one's eyes eastwards, whither von Papen was ordered.

After a short stay in Constantinople, he travelled *via* the Taurus tunnel to Aleppo and Damascus to the Palestine front, where he was appointed Chief of the General Staff to the IVth Turkish Army commanded by a Turk, Jemal.

His task was no easy one, viz., to satisfy his German superiors, on whom his future career depended, while at the same time he had to persuade the obstinate Jemal to follow his advice.

There is no denying that he did his soldiering work well, showing himself a thoroughly trained staff officer, with a mind elastically attuned to rapidly changing situations, though it is not in his professional character that he is being considered here, but rather in that of a mischief-maker.

To diverge for a moment from the straight line, it may be recalled that in the early autumn of 1917 General Allenby opened his operations for the fall of Gaza by capturing Beersheba, passing thence by an uninterrupted series of successes to the capture of Jerusalem, where the British troops were comfortably ensconced before Christmas. In view of this fact, von Papen writes as follows to Count Bernstorff, his former Chief at Washington, who had since been sent as Ambassador to the Sublime Porte at Constantinople :—

NABLUS.
21st November, 1917.

MOST HONOURED EXCELLENCY,

Your Excellency's desire to visit Jerusalem now has unfortunately been overtaken by the turn of events.

We have had a very bad time.

The breakdown of the Army after having had to relinquish the good positions in which it had remained for so long is so complete that I could never have dreamed of such a thing.

But for this complete dissolution, we should still have been able to make a stand south of Jerusalem even to-day, but now the VIIth Army bolts from every cavalry patrol!

Many reasons have contributed to this sorrowful result; chiefly incapacity on the part of the troops and their leaders; single men fought very pluckily, but the good officers have fallen, and the remainder have bolted.

In Jerusalem alone we arrested 200 officers and five to six thousand men as deserters.

Naturally Enver presses very strongly to hold on to Jerusalem by every possible means, on account of the political effect, but from a military point of view it is a mistake, for this shattered army can only be put together again if entirely removed from contact with the enemy and fitted out with new Divisions, which, however, can only take place after a lapse of months.

Now it is just a toss-up!

which produced the following reply :—

CONSTANTINOPLE.
10th December, 1917.

DEAR HERR VON PAPEN,

Since your friendly letter of the 21st November, things have apparently improved, as I see by the latest English reports that they have occupied Hebron.

What that means I cannot measure from here, and, in addition, it is probably better not to write anything about military matters, as one never knows whether this letter will get safely to your hands. This continuous policy of expulsion is simply idiotic.*

From a military point of view it does not help in any way, damages

* A reference to the expulsion of the Latin Patriarch from Jerusalem by the Turks on the 20th November, 1917, which von Papen tried to prevent by wiring to General von Falkenhayn, but Falkenhayn would not go further than lodging a formal protest, on the ground of the expulsion being a political question for Turkey.

Turkey's reputation more and more, and, in the end, the job is still credited to us.

Whether Greeks, Armenians, or Jews, the folly remains the same. I constantly talk to Talaat, Enver, and Nessimi on these matters, but in this respect the Turks are simply unteachable.

There is a certain excuse in the espionage affairs, and I am convinced myself that almost the whole population of Jerusalem would welcome the conquest of the city by the British; the Zionists especially are probably all anti-Turk, even if they deny it.

The next letter, from Captain Nolte, a cavalry officer seconded for service with the Turkish forces, has the true Prussian ring; the operations of which he speaks are those which culminated in the capture of Jerusalem, and, as an item of passing interest, Colonel Herrgott literally "fell" into our hands unwounded, as he tumbled off his horse when galloping away!

IN THE FIELD.
18th November, 1917.

Only to-day can I continue, and write more fully.

Early in the morning of the 14th instant came the news that the enemy cavalry had broken through near Shahme and that Herrgott had been taken prisoner.

I quickly mounted Herrgott's horse, which had galloped back, and rode forth, and was away all day.

I spent the night with the Division (54th); it was most interesting. The Commander was most energetic, saying for example to a regimental commander who was not forward in the fight, "Where do you want to desert to?"

Occasionally he flogs them to and fro with his whip, which is very refreshing to witness; at the same time the man is modest and very accessible to quietly-suggested advice.

It is a pity the name of this divisional commander, evidently a student of Prussian Kultur, was not given, as he must have been a most agreeable person under whom to serve; only a Turk or a German would have found the spectacle "refreshing"!

About this date, von Papen received the only letter from his wife that contained anything of public interest, all others from this source dealing solely with family matters.

It gives a prophetic insight into what further difficulties the Allies might have been led had the Germans, to borrow the lady's phrase, remained "lords of Greece":—

15th October, 1917.

The poor King of Greece! It is really dreadful how the "Protector of small nationalities" has treated him! Do you think matters will change very much, now that they are lords of Greece? Will things be worse for us?

The last letter to be utilised is from a close friend, Lieut. Hans Wedemeyer.

It shows the trained officer shortage that was even then beginning to make itself felt, and is chiefly remarkable for the unconscious humour, if that be "le mot juste," betrayed by an entire disregard of the Geneva Convention in using a doctor as a combatant, the writer's sole regret being that the doctor is untrained, and the breach of the laws of war involved being characteristically disregarded.

AMMAN, SYRIA.
24th March, 1918.

Flying suits me grandly, as was only to be expected. Can't you do anything to ensure the 305th Flight getting at least another observer, even before the sanction of the raising of the establishment?

Reconnaissance really cannot be done with 18-year-old lads, who, though willing enough, are absolutely untrained, not even a desert reconnaissance.

As far as possible, the doctor, too, is to be utilised as an observer, but that is such an awful makeshift.

With this the series comes to a close, and should there subsequently be a protest from the German side, the opportunity is seized here to explain that these extracts are not isolated phrases divorced from their context, but actual excerpts from the letters, omitting only family matters of no general interest, or strategical or tactical details, for which this is not the right place.

It is not claimed that the letters throw any light on the German character that was previously hidden from view, but they are of interest from the very fact that they were never written for publication, least of all for publication in an English magazine.

Socialism and Liberal Ideals (ii)

By Bertrand Russell

The dictatorship of the proletariat is professedly a transitional condition, a war-time measure, justified while the remnants of the old bourgeois class are still struggling to promote counter-revolution. Lenin, following Marx, regards the State as in essence the domination of one class in the community. As soon as communism has abolished the distinction of classes, the State is to wither away. When there is no longer any class except the proletariat, the dictatorship of the proletariat will *ipso facto* cease, and the State, in the sense in which Lenin uses the word, will disappear. Are we to object to this process on the ground that it may involve for a time the seizure of power by a minority? And are we to object on the same ground to direct action for political ends in our own country? Lenin's defence of his action is broadly that the opposition to communism is essentially temporary, and that, when once communism has been established, it will command universal support. An argument of this sort can only be judged by the outcome. If the outcome shows, as it seems to have done in Russia, that the opposition was largely ignorant, and that experience of the new *régime* leads people to support it, it may be said that the forcible transition has been justified. The arguments in favour of democracy and liberty, it may be said, are arguments applicable to normal times, not to cataclysms and world revolutions. In these terrific epochs, a man must be prepared to back his own faith; whether he is right or wrong in doing so, only the issue can show. I think there is something a trifle pedantic in applying to the circumstances of Russia the sort of arguments and principles which are valid for ourselves in ordinary periods. Russia could only be saved by a strong will, and it is doubtful whether a strong will could have saved it without dictatorship in some form. I do not think, however, that these

considerations would apply to ourselves, even if we were much nearer than we are to the establishment of complete socialism. England, ever since 1688, has had a love of moderation. Methods such as those of the Bolsheviks would alienate ordinary people. Nor is the opposition of the reactionaries sufficiently ruthless to justify such methods. The moderation of our Labour Party is often exasperating, but, at any rate, it is matched by the moderation of their opponents. This was clearly illustrated at the time of the railway strike. Marx, the great exponent of the doctrine of class war, asserted that, in England, Socialism might come by peaceful means. Let us hope that in this, as in so much else, he was a true prophet. But on the Continent, as the example of Russia has shown us, such a hope is probably chimerical. I believe—though, of course, to prophesy is so uncertain as to be little more than a pastime—that in view of the successes of Russian communism in resisting the united hostility of the capitalistic Great Powers, the victory of Socialism in Germany, France and Italy, within the next ten years or so, is quite within the bounds of possibility. There is much reason to fear, however, that it will not be effected in these countries without the same accompaniments of war and terrorism that we have seen in Russia, though perhaps in a much fainter form. I do not believe that, if it were victorious in such a contest, it would confine its victory to those nations in which a majority was in favour of Socialism, particularly if its help were invited by Socialist insurrections. Poland, for example, would very likely fall again under Russian domination as in the days of Czardom. Nationalism and religion would keep the Poles, for a time, hostile to Socialism, whether it were international or took the form of a revived Russian Imperialism. It would be necessary to suppress by force the Polish desires for independence and for the persecution of the Jews, and doubtless it would be sought by means of a rigid control of education to indoctrinate the rising generation with a more Marxian outlook. Similar troubles would arise throughout the Balkans. The *régime* of International Socialism for at least a generation would have to be, in many regions, a *régime* of armed force, backed by rigid control of the Press and the schools. There is no reason

to suppose that, when the time came, the Bolsheviks would shrink from such a course, however little imperialism there may be in their present purposes. Their outlook on the world, like that of the early Mohammedans, is at once realistic and fanatical. Believing, as they do, in the Marxian formula of inevitable economic development, they feel their ultimate victory fatalistically assured. What they regard as of most importance is that the guns should be in the hands of the class-conscious proletariat. This once secured, they feel convinced that propaganda can bring to their side the part of the proletariat which is still misled by "bourgeois catch-words," such as Religion and Patriotism. It is highly probable that they are justified in this view, and that, if they could govern Europe for a generation, opposition to them at the end of that time would not come from the dying forces of the past, but from whatever new movements might arise, for embodying such Socialist ideals as the Bolsheviks might in the meantime have forgotten.

If we suppose that some such development is likely, on the assumption that Bolshevik successes continue, ought we to seek to promote those successes or to shrink from promoting them because of the bloodshed and terror that they might involve, and the loss to civilisation, at least temporarily, that the conflict would entail?

For my part, I feel convinced that any vital progress in the world depends upon the victory of International Socialism, and that it is worth while, if it is necessary, to pay a great price for that victory. I feel convinced also that there will be no peace in the world until International Socialism has conquered, and that to strengthen its forces, and to weaken those of the opposition, is the quickest way to end the conflict. I believe, in a word, that "each recruit means quicker peace." When I speak of Socialism, I do not mean a milk-and-water system, but a thorough-going, root-and-branch transformation such as Lenin has attempted. And if its victory is essential to peace, we must acquiesce in the evils involved in conflict, in so far as conflict is forced upon us by capitalism.

There are, however, some things which must be borne in mind as qualifications of this conclusion.

One point of very vital importance is that Socialism

should not lose its internationalism. It is perfectly possible to imagine Great Powers, each organised communistically on a national basis, coming into conflict for the possession of raw materials. The oil in the Caucasus, for example, might well afford ground for such a conflict. Nor is there anything in Socialism, so long as it is merely national, that is incompatible with a new kind of Chauvinism. The contempt for the rule of the majority during the revolutionary period which the Bolsheviks inculcate, and their belief in winning over the majority through the temporary dictatorship of a class-conscious minority, obviously justify wars for the spread of the socialist idea, and such wars would easily become nationalistic when waged between a socialist and a capitalist Power. The abolition of exploitation at which Socialism aims, and which would make it a guarantee against war, is, of course, not complete so long as exploitation by nations continues. It is only secured when the raw materials of the world are dealt with by an international authority. It may well be doubted whether Socialism will be strong enough to overcome national interest and feeling so completely as would be involved in this method of dealing with raw materials, yet until it has achieved this it will have done little by way of affording a safeguard against wars.

And, apart from raw materials, there is another question which might well cause wars between communistic national States: I mean the question of the right of immigration. In Australia and throughout North and South America this question may be of paramount importance for many years to come.

Against International Socialism there stands, except in America, only one really strong popular force—the force of nationalism. By nationalism I mean the determination to secure the interests of one's own nation at no matter what cost to other nations, and the belief that the interests of different nations are essentially antagonistic, or rather the hatred of other nations of which this belief is a rationalised expression. In all the new States which have been created by the Peace Treaty, nationalism in this sense appears to be absolutely dominant. Most of them would rather kill their neighbours and starve than live in plenty

at the cost of friendly relations with races whom they hate. This attitude of mind is partly instinctive, partly the result of education and propaganda, which probably cannot be eradicated at all quickly, except by the use of force, in preventing hostilities, promoting freedom of trade, and setting up a new kind of education. The League of Nations, with its legacy of war hatreds, is quite incapable of performing this work. International Socialism alone, of all the forces now in the world, can really alter the mentality of bellicose populations. I do not say that even International Socialism can achieve this quickly, but I do say that, if it were in power, it could achieve it in the course of a generation, since what it has to combat is instinct and tradition, very palpably contrary to self-interest, and what it has to substitute is a generous ideal from which the enormous majority of the population would derive material benefit.

In spite of the serious difficulties and problems which Socialism will have to face if it becomes dominant, I am firmly convinced that it is the necessary next stage in the world's progress, if the things for which Western civilisation has stood are to survive in any degree. I believe, also, that the degree of good it can accomplish depends upon the degree of generous hope in those who bring it about. If the evils that flow from economic exploitation are thoroughly realised, and the new world that can result from its complete abolition is vividly desired, a new force will be generated, sufficiently strong to dethrone nationalism from men's hearts; and it is nationalism alone, in Europe and Asia, that enables capitalism to preserve its power for evil. With nationalism removed, idealism and self-interest alike would prompt the enormous majority of the civilised population of the world to adopt International Socialism, and, once adopted, this system would be stable through its palpable advantages, and through the fact that there would be no class with an obvious interest in overthrowing it.

III

Freedom, democracy, peace, efficient production and economic justice can come through International Socialism, and cannot come, so far as I can see, in any other way.

But although Socialism *may* bring these things, it is not certain that it will do so. Whether it brings them or not will depend largely upon the manner of its advent, upon the fierceness of the struggle, and upon the temper of the victors.

I think that our own country, especially through the guild idea, has a very definite contribution to make in the transitional time. I think that we can effect the transformation without violence, and that we can do more than any other country to keep alive during the struggle those ideals of individual liberty without which a Socialist society, if created, would be stereotyped and unprogressive and lifeless. Liberty and war are not compatible, yet an extension of liberty is one of the professed aims of Socialists: collective liberty in work through self-government in industry; individual liberty outside work through the shortening of hours. The relative merits of different forms of Socialism, and of different tactics for securing Socialism, can be judged by capacity to secure these ends.

Socialism, no doubt, like capitalism, will be a phase in human development, succeeded by something of which we do not yet foresee the nature, perhaps by anarchism. It would be fatal to future progress if Socialism established itself, like the Church after Constantine, as a persecuting orthodoxy, fettering the human spirit, and delaying progress for a thousand years. Such a result is not impossible, especially if the victory of Socialism is brought about by military means at the end of long and disastrous wars. For this reason, if for no other, the victory of Socialism by peaceful means is immeasurably to be desired.

Every strong conception of human life tends to pass through three phases. In the first, it is amiable, humanitarian, persuasive, seeking to convince by argument rather than by force. In the second phase, having acquired a certain strength, and roused an opposition of a certain fierceness, it ceases to be amiable and becomes militant, justifying its militancy by the belief, inherited from the amiable phase, that its victory will bring the millennium. In the third phase, having acquired power, it becomes oppressive and cruel. Christianity exhibited the first of these phases down to the time of Constantine; in the Crusades it exhibited the second; in the Inquisition it

exhibited the third. Capitalism has passed through similar phases. In Adam Smith, Cobden and Bright we see its amiable phase. In its overthrow of feudal institutions it exhibited its militant phase. In the exploitation of inferior races, and the anti-Socialist reign of terror, we see its third, tyrannical phase. The same thing has happened as regards Nationalism, though here the rate of development is different in different nations, according to their strength. Mazzini exhibited its amiable phase, Bismarck its militant phase, and modern Imperialism its tyrannical phase.

Socialism has passed, with the accession of Lenin, from the amiable to the militant stage. In so passing, it has lost much of its attractiveness for certain types of mind. There are those who feel acutely the evils of the existing world, and desire ardently the existence of a world free from these evils, who yet shrink from the stern conflict which is involved in getting rid of them. I confess to a very strong sympathy with such men. I observe that, in the course of a conflict, every ideal becomes degraded, and that the forcible victory of a party is invariably accompanied by loss of the greater part of what made their victory desirable. And violent conflict in itself, especially when it is prolonged and wide-spread, tends to degrade the societies which indulge in it. I cannot believe that a Socialism which should achieve victory after a lengthy and world-wide civil war would retain the kind of temper necessary for a happy and progressive society. Progress after its victory would probably depend upon those who would oppose it in its victorious form, in the interests of some freer, less cast-iron set of institutions, embodying once more something of the old ideals of Liberalism—not, it is true, the economic but of our ideals · the ideals of freedom, economic justice, the intellectual freedom which no party engaged in a life-and-death struggle can permit.

Socialism has many forms, and it is not improbable that the victory in different countries will be for different forms. Subject to the paramount claims of order and efficient production, the most important thing that any socialistic system has to aim at is freedom. National Guildsmen have always remembered the importance of freedom far more than their Collectivist predecessors. Their system of balances between the rival powers of

Parliament and Guild Congress is designed to secure political freedom. Their system of self-government in industry, as opposed to bureaucratic management by State Socialists, is designed to secure freedom for the collective workers in any industry, both nationally, in the general problems of the industry, and locally, in all matters that can be decided locally. The system of devolution, not only geographically, but industrially, is of great importance for creating the sense of freedom, the possibility of personal initiative, and the opportunity for beneficial experiments.

Self-government in work is the most important of all the forms of freedom that have to be conquered, because his work is what touches a man most closely, and because, owing to this, it is the best way of arousing his political consciousness. Freedom in work was the chief aim of Syndicalism, and it is the aim of guild Socialism. I believe that it is secured better by means of the national guilds than by any other economic organisation of production. I believe that the sense of self-direction and independence, which will be thus secured, will entirely alter the outlook upon work of ordinary workers, and will, at any rate while it is new, stimulate production enormously more than the old capitalist incentive of terror.

But in addition to freedom in work there is, of course, freedom outside work, in leisure hours, and this will be secured by the shortening of hours which more efficient methods will render possible. At present, more efficient methods are viewed with suspicion as redounding only to the advantage of the capitalist. Under the new system, the whole advantage of them will be obviously derived by the workers, and technical progress is likely to be enormously accelerated by this change. This is illustrated by the Bolshevik adoption of the Taylor system of scientific management. (See *The Soviets at Work*, by Lenin, p. 26. Socialist Information and Research Bureau, Glasgow.)

There is, of course, another kind of freedom, applicable to rather few individuals, and yet of very great importance to the progress of mankind, and that is the freedom to refuse to occupy any place in the organised system of the community. The man who wishes to teach a new religion, to invent a new science, or to produce a new art, may find no guild ready to receive him. He will be officially classed

as an idler or vagabond. All fundamental innovations must necessarily go against the will of the community, no matter what the economic system may be. For the sake of such men it is highly desirable that complete emancipation from the system should be possible for anyone willing to endure sufficient hardships. Exceptional behaviour, which is probably slightly harmful, but may be very beneficial (such as painting pictures which the experts consider worthless) may rightly be discouraged, but should not be made physically impossible for those who believe in it enough to incur sacrifices rather than discontinue it. Loopholes and exceptions are absolutely vital if society is to remain progressive. We, in this country, if we adopt Socialism at all, are sure to adopt it in a piecemeal and unsystematic fashion, which gives a far better chance than systematic Bolshevism for the toleration of loopholes and exceptions. We may hope that Continental Socialism, when once it has become secure, will be strong enough to admit the advantages derived from such failure of systematisation. In this respect, I believe that we have something of importance to contribute to the ultimate outcome.

Capitalism can no longer make a tolerable world, or preserve for us the heritage of civilisation. International Socialism can do these things, provided it can achieve power without too prolonged or ruthless a struggle. Those who oppose the advent of Socialism take upon themselves a very grave responsibility. It is impossible to believe that the old system will be preserved, and all that the opposition can effect is to rob the new system of much of its merit. We who stand for Socialism have to remember that it is not enough to defeat our opponents if in so doing we defeat ourselves, and that we shall defeat ourselves if the new society which results from our efforts does not embody more of freedom for the creative human spirit, and for the lives of ordinary men and women, than has ever existed in the world before. I do not believe that it is possible to dispense wholly with the use of force, though I do believe that, in this country, the necessary force can be acquired without violent revolution. Force, if it is to succeed in its ultimate purpose, must be always subservient to propaganda. It must be employed in ways which help to

persuade, not in ways which alienate the ordinary citizen. And at every stage everything possible must be done to make it clear that the use of force is temporary, and that the goal is a society where force shall no longer be needed. It is only through the inspiration of a great hope, through the vivid realisation of the better world at which we aim, that we can prevent our aims from degenerating in the conflict, and that we can secure the victory, not only of our party, but of our ideals: the ideals of freedom, economic justice, and international co-operation, which the world needs, and which only Socialism can achieve.

Chapters from Childhood (iii)

Reminiscences of an Artist's Granddaughter

By Juliet M. Soskice

IV

On Sundays we used to go to make propaganda in Hyde Park. Olive and Arthur took charge of the big banner and we distributed the little banner and the literature among ourselves. We used to go by train and fold the banners up and put them on the luggage rack when we got in, and we sold the paper on the platform till the train came in.

Olive wore a round black astrakhan cap and a short black coat with astrakhan on the collar and sleeves and a green skirt. She and Arthur both had auburn hair. Olive's nose was short and her face was very serious and covered with freckles. So was Arthur's, but they were more difficult to see on his because it nearly always was rather dirty.

Olive was of a worrying nature. She was always wondering whether we had mislaid one of the banners or whether we hadn't given too much change when we were paid for the literature, or whether we weren't letting wrong ideas creep into the programme. She had quite a pucker in her forehead through always worrying so much. She said it made it worse because Arthur was no help to her in practical things. It wasn't that he wasn't keen, but he was so absent-minded. He used to forget all sorts of things. He very often forgot to wash himself and do his hair in the morning, and it wasn't that he didn't want to, because he didn't mind in the least when other people washed him. As a rule, when he was sent up to get clean before meals he did not come down again until he was fetched, and then he was still quite cloudy. If anybody wanted to take him out to lunch or tea the only thing for them to do was to wash

him themselves very carefully, and keep tight hold of him till they started.

He used to wander off in the most excruciating moments just when the paper was going to press and go into the day-nursery and make noisy experiments. He liked to fill a tin with gas and close it and hold it over a flame until the lid flew off with a tremendous bang, and once he blew his hair and eyebrows off by an experiment with gunpowder which nobody ever knew how he got. Once we found him standing on the balcony with an experimented-upon umbrella in his hand. He said that when he jumped it would open and he would descend into the garden like a parachutist from a balloon. But if it hadn't opened he would certainly have been killed. Olive was waiting in agonies in the printing room for him to finish off his leading article, because, although he was so unreliable, she didn't feel it was safe to do anything like that without him.

He had a deep cracked voice and a big forehead like his uncle's, the celebrated poet and painter, and round brown eyes that sometimes looked as bright as though they had a red light lit behind them. Sometimes he would stare in such a wild and interested way that you couldn't help looking round to see if anything was there, though you knew there could be nothing.

Once Olive stationed him at Baker Street Station with a pile of the literature to sell, and when she came back in an hour to see how he was getting on she found him striding up and down the platform and talking to himself with all the literature hanging floppily over his arm. Of course he hadn't sold a single copy. We used to meet him charging down from the top of Primrose Hill in his black ulster, with his hat over his eyes, brandishing a book, talking to himself and waving his arms about like a madman. He was always reading. He read at meals, in the street, and in bed and in his bath. He read very serious books, and Uncle William gave him a special key to the bookcase in the library where all his most precious ones were kept. He trusted him entirely because they were the only things he never lost. His articles were the best in the paper. Once an important Social Reformer* came to the house. He wore a blue serge suit and he had a great deal of fluffy grey hair

* William Morris.

standing up all round his head, and a frizzy beard, rather a flushed face and a beautiful shaped nose. He stood upon the hearth-rug and we all sat round and gazed at him in adoration. Arthur was especially introduced to him, and he said:

"I congratulate you, young sir, on a particularly clever piece of writing."

It was Arthur's article in the last number, and he asked if he would like to come and give a paper on the subject in his club at Hammersmith. Arthur would have agreed, but Aunt Lucy said no, that he had still a great deal to learn himself before he could begin to think of teaching other people.

He and Olive wrote a play in the correct Greek style, with a chorus in white robes waving long grass. It was acted in the drawing-room and a great many people came to see it. We were in the chorus and told the people exactly what was going on. Aunt Lucy made the robes out of butter muslin. She was the prompter and sat in the wings, but we really didn't want much prompting, for Olive had rehearsed us all so carefully.

Arthur was a youth who slew a loathsome monster. Aunt Lucy pulled it on a thread from the other wings for him to rush upon. He stood in the middle of the stage with his foot upon its neck and slew it so fiercely that all the people were astonished and said that he would make a splendid actor. But it wasn't really acting. He simply was so absent-minded that he imagined that he really was the youth. He was in butter muslin, too, but it was tied in round the waist. We made his sword out of cardboard and covered it with gold paper. He had on sandals laced with gold paper half way up his legs, and a gold band in his hair. He had to let his hair grow long for some time beforehand, but he was glad because he hated going to the barber's. Olive was worried for fear he should split the laces of his sandals in his emotion, but luckily he didn't. The people in front said he scowled so savagely that his face looked quite terrible and the perspiration poured off him with excitement. I quite believed it, for I knew how worked up he used to be when we met him in his ulster on Primrose Hill.

Our banners were not so noticeable in the Park, because

there were so many others there. There were some speakers called Iconoclasts and some called Socialists, and some called Humanitarians, and some called Unitarians, and some called Vegetarians, and they stood, each under their own banner, giving explanations. Some of the crowd listened and groaned and clapped and hissed and asked questions and made remarks, and some just walked about and took no notice. We planted our banner down near the Socialists as a meeting-place and mixed with the crowd to sell literature and gather information. Olive told us if ever we met with anything of interest to jot it down with pencil in our note-books, and we did. If anyone said anything very wise or noble we handed him a pencil and asked him for his autograph. I called out "*The Torch, The Torch,*" to attract the people to the literature, and some mocking boys said it was like a mouse squeaking in the larder. People turned round and said, "What a funny little girl!" and "Bless her, what has she got there?" and they bought the paper just to see. Olive explained hard all the time she sold the literature. She wasn't upset at all even when quite a crowd came round her. She frowned and explained all the harder. They tried to get her in a corner, asking unfriendly questions, but she was too clever for them, and besides she had looked it all up beforehand while they hadn't and she had a lot of practice on us too. Arthur generally got lost at once and turned up when the Park was nearly empty talking to somebody he didn't know. But he was not at all confused.

We had a cigar-box full of autographs of the speakers in the Park, and we used to rummage our fingers in them when we wanted inspiration. Once there was a very desperate and famous lady* there, and people said we should never be able to get her autograph because she always refused to give it. But we thought we'd try. Olive went up to ask her first in case she wanted explanations, but a tall, stooping gentleman in a foreign hat, with his hands behind his back and hair that flowed and mingled with his beard, whom she was talking to, stepped in front of her and said that "Madame" could not be disturbed.

We gathered round the banner and considered what to do. Helen said that I ought to be sent because nobody

* Louise Michel.

was likely to take me for a spy. I went up to the lady and pulled her sleeve, and the foreign gentleman jumped forward again and I was frightened. But she had turned round and seen me first and she sat down in a chair behind her and pulled me up against her and asked me what I wanted. I told her and she laughed and said, "What a rosy little girl!"

She was very thin and she was dressed all in black. Her face had dry, grey skin on it and her hair was grey, and I thought she must be grey all over underneath her clothes as well. She had thin lips and a long, pointed nose and little eyes. They were very bright and sharp but not very kind. I said, please, was it really true that she had been in prison? I thought that as she was a lady there might be some mistake. She said it was quite true, and what had little girls to do with things like that? I said I was connected with a paper, and did she mind, and was she much afraid (when she was put in prison)? Her face looked very brave and she said she was never afraid and that she minded nothing because she knew that all the while the world was getting better and that people would be cleverer and happier. She stroked my cheek and smiled again, and asked me, did I understand? And I said, "Oh, yes, that's what we think too—after the Social Revolution." She asked me what my name was, and I said "Poppy," and the foreign gentleman translated it into French, and she laughed again and said, "That is quite right; thus it must be." I said, would she please be so kind as to give me her autograph, because my cousins wanted it badly? And she said, "Where are your cousins?" and we looked round, and we couldn't see them because they were out of sight behind the banner. They had promised not to peep, or I should have been too shy to ask her. She took my pencil and wrote "L . . . . M . . . ." right across the paper in long, thick, crooked letters. And I thanked her very much and said good-bye, and she took my face between her hands and looked at it and smiled, and said, "Good-bye, nice little girl." And she looked after me till I had got right back to the banner, and then I looked round and she waved her hand to me and smiled again.

The Dead Bishop: A Critical Study

By Chris Massie

How beautiful! It was a common expression on the lips of those who had the privilege of looking on him for the last time. Ladies of his own very particular circle wept inaudibly as they bent over the massive white head in its unaccustomed repose. His bloodless hands looked well as they lay crossed on the coverlet; on his breast a great diamond cross smouldered and blazed in quiet wrath; his Bible lay on a velvet cushion; his robes were disposed gracefully on a gilt chair. Everything was arranged with careful feeling and exquisite taste.

In the magnificent cathedral, where he had preached, and where the last pleadings for divine intercession on his behalf had been made, a requiem service was now in progress. Words like "austerity," "dignity," "duty," "honesty," recurred with illuminating frequency in the leading articles of the morning papers, and biographical sketches, written some days previous in anticipation of the good bishop's untimely death, set forth in majestic English his many attainments and agreeable peculiarities. They told of his Oxford career, the winning of the Newdigate prize, reminiscences of Butterwick St. Clair's, where he took his first living, the gradual sequence of successes culminating in the Bishopric of M——. His peculiarities were not many; he had a fondness for peaches and cats. It was unfortunate that no dignitary of Church or State, no poet or philosopher, could provide the journalistic calling with a parallel for his extraordinary fondness for peaches; but Pierre Loti and Edgar Allan Poe were reverently associated with him in his passion for cats.

One thing, however, was missing in the very excellent and eulogistic obituaries which appeared under his illus-

trious name. The artificial flowers of newspaper journalism were scattered prodigally over his grave; but one thing, one name was not mentioned by the Press; it happened, strangely enough, to be the name of Christ.

The psychological cause of this startling omission is somewhat difficult to detect. Journalists, as a rule, do not venture very far on the subject of religion, but, making adequate allowance for this, it still remains a curious fact that not one of them had mentioned the divine Master in whose service the worthy Bishop of M—— had been ordained.

Perhaps the omission may be explained in consideration of the nineteen hundred and odd years of Christianity which separated the Bishop of M—— from the Carpenter of Nazareth. During the centuries, Christianity had been beaten out like gold over the face of the earth; its texture was altered, the hand of genius had graven on its surface ornate symbols of art, and civilisation had given it the hall-mark of approbation. Christianity had been stereotyped into a popular convention that most people accepted or rejected without any special warmth of feeling, and with a singularly quiet and comfortable ignorance of the whole subject.

The Bishop of M—— had taken some pains to understand Christ. He had read deeply, thought painfully, and written brilliantly round the shadowy figure whose presence fills all time. His sermons were artistic, highly imaginative, and careful as to literary style and dramatic effect. Prayers were his particular indulgence—they were the children of his rapt moments when the husk has fallen away from life, and he stood untrammelled of the world. The hours of labour he spent over them, in composition and memorising, was a secret he kept very quietly to himself.

Christianity, as understood by the Bishop of M——, had little or nothing to do with this busy, lack-a-day life; it was divorced from the actuality of things as we hear, see, touch, taste, and smell them; its significance was wholly spiritual, its fullest expression reached at the point when we come to realise its sublime impracticability and resign ourselves into the hands of God. To the Bishop of M—— Christianity was an altogether unworldly proposition—a quiet, graceful, gracious acceptance of inevitable disasters —a sweet and amiable thankfulness for providential

blessings. It was not of the flesh, he felt sure; nevertheless, he did not entirely scorn things of the flesh. He was unusually fond of peaches.

The Bishop of M—— had developed an intellectual attitude—it could scarcely be called a philosophy—out of the teachings of Pascal, Nietzsche, and Bergson. He watered down the intensity of Nietzsche, coloured the white mysticism of Bergson, and gave them both the fine tone and calculated finish of Pascal. The triumvirate might be a little scattered and opposed, but the worthy Bishop of M—— was a very clever man—those who heard him preach only wondered at his charming originality and expatiated on his fine courage. Good and simple people called him "a large man," "a unique intellectual type," his sermons were "refreshing spiritual adventures," and everything he did was "touched with the quiet giving of a great and comprehensive spirit." His life was lived between a splendid array of these inverted commas. He talked eloquently and exhaustively of "Christ, the essence of experience," "the divine urge"; "the ultimate Purpose," "spiritual evolution"; he quoted Darwin against himself, and alluded magnificently to Bradlaugh as "a Christian unawares."

It was conceded on all sides that the Bishop of M—— had the wonderful gift of adaptability; his views were many and variegated—a leaning towards Christian Science, a tendency in the direction of spiritualism, a nice feeling about Buddhism, were a few of his intellectual facets. Socialism he had flirted with in the same way as a consciously charming woman will flirt with a strong, simple man who crosses her path by accident and brings with him the refreshing allurement of a new type. New types were particularly suggestive to the Bishop of M——, and Socialism gave him momentary pleasure in its finer moods of spiritual promise. He formed a League with the purpose of "giving soul to that great and world-conquering movement," the result being a new type of hybrid creature called "Spiritual Democrat." Unfortunately, the Spiritual Democrats were not strong in council. Matter-of-fact materialism, which must of necessity be foundation and superstructure for economic science, easily swept away the airy visions of the Idealists. The Apostles of things as they

ought to be here and now, laid bare with cruel logic and hard dogmatic analysis all those little inconsistencies which religion, being a thing of inspired imagination, could not possibly do without. The result was a refining and winnowing process. The President gave it out that the offices of the League were first and last of a "distinctly religious and devotional character," and items were let into its constitution with overt and covert references to the soul —an expedient which proved successful in driving the Apostles of things as they ought to be out of the League, with a deep-rooted prejudice against watery supernaturalism.

About the time of the inauguration of the League, Socialism had a boom; the exodus of the Apostles was contemporary with a decided slump; and the good Bishop, who on many occasions had publicly described himself as a Socialist, was careful to drop the letter and content himself with the spirit, for which, he told himself, he had always stood.

The inner life of the Bishop of M—— provides only one interesting episode. It covered a period of just one year, and dates back to his curacy of St. Peter's. Those who had personal recollections of his intimacy with the beautiful Evangeline Howard are dead, and no one ever knew the secret history of that intimacy. The then Rev. John Holford had come up from Oxford to his first sacerdotal adventure full of zealous enthusiasm, and well stocked with quotations from Ruskin, Carlyle, and John Stuart Mill. He carried with him a beautifully-bound and exquisitely perfumed edition of Thomas à Kempis, and another enclosing the poems of Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Political history and social economics he only had in a cursory sense, and what he had of them was strongly flavoured with symbolism and romantic theology. The soul of John Holford was in a state of ferment. Humanity and God were indistinct qualities out of which it was necessary for him to build a future. He thought of them as materials to work from, as the natural stage property of the complete theological artist, but it should be added that he sometimes dwelt on the broader aspect—the giving into rather than the taking from.

His first sermon at St. Peter's was preached from a text

taken from St. John: "Now in the place where he was crucified there was a garden." It afforded him all he needed for the display of poetic imagery. He spoke of "the radiant whiteness of sorrow's flowers, which are nurtured by tears," and "that perfect beauty which alone is created out of sacrifice in sight of Calvary," concluding in his peroration with these words: "I do not think that any tear was yet shed without starting the life of some vital thing, some hidden purpose, some green hope—for sorrow, like rain, is an invocation from heaven, an appeal to the earth, a visitation which transmutes passion into purity."

The beautiful Evangeline Howard, then a girl of eighteen, heard this sermon, and was fated never to forget it. The romantic figure of the tall young curate, marvellously serene and self-possessed, kindled her imagination. There was something in his voice—a calculated sympathy and smooth inflexion—which traced her soul like a gentle meandering stream; it fell lightly and lingered sweetly on the memory, his last uttered syllables echoing, and then harmonising, with the next words he said. Christ appeared and disappeared, giving place to the sudden impulses of light which relume forgotten springs. She walked again the holy meadowlands of childhood where divinity is scattered over a white vision of daisies; and she walked under the triumphant arc of night where love is broken up into stars. Sudden pants of light, sudden pauses of shadow, vague odours, fugitive voices, silence . . . and then once more reappeared Christ in His Kingship, crowned with blossoming thorns, and at His feet the kneeling Magdalen, from whose tears lilies had sprung to vitalise the gloom of Calvary. "In the place where He was crucified there was a garden"—but there can be no garden until the soil is broken, the rain-clouds scattered; no beauty without the bent back of pain and sacrifice.

What all these impressions meant to her when they were added to the commanding presence of the young curate, she did not ask herself then. Women are wont to put back recognition of the absolute to the last psychological moment; their method is to escape from direct issues. A woman has so much to protect, so much to give, and so many are the roads open to her secret nature, that instinct

warns her to set up barriers and false sign-posts to beguile the casual adventurer.

In the presence of the brilliant John Holford she presumed nothing but a mild friendliness. She had been interested in district mission work before his appointment, and she continued her duties without any outward seeming of change. Towards her he bent in dual admiration for her beauty and ability, but her grave eyes did not seem sensible of his feelings, and her quietness left him quiet. Outstanding incidents there were which lingered with him to smile back over the day's work. He remembered the calm of her uplifted face, the melodious contralto of her speaking voice. There was something in her attitude that drove life deeper down in the soul.

He began to confide in her. She had gained in her little life a curious penetration into the heart of things. Unexpected appreciations in art and literature, tempered by the modest suggestiveness of her words, had their influence upon him. It was as if, in play, she dropped precious stones for him to pick up. But one thing darkened his happiness, and kept their romance between the shifting lights of dawn—her poverty. He told himself it was not expedient for him, who had so much to do for the poor, to marry one who was also poor. He felt he must deny himself the graciousness of this young person for the larger considerations of human brotherhood, divine charity, and what not. He accepted the few roses she had to offer, but he did so daintily, with the tips of his slender white fingers. He gave her the privilege of his advice, moving, as it were, in an aura of mysticism, and never for one moment leaving it to touch the flesh and blood of her glowing womanhood.

"Sex"—he told her—"is apart from Christ. The Woman's Movement can scarcely succeed because it is divorced from other-worldly aspirations. It is a material and mundane thing."

She scarcely ever rebuked him, contenting herself with smiling where she could not agree; but in answer to this, she ventured to remark that "it was Mary and Magdalen who saved Christ from complete humiliation in the moment of His agony. It was their sex which saved Him—the ideal of divine motherhood."

He reached out his hands and touched her shoulders. "I think you are right," he said. "You express yourself very beautifully."

The colour mounted to her cheeks, and she answered: "Yes, sex is beautiful."

That is the nearest they ever approached to the greatest of all human adventures. He left that slight incident behind him to take a living at Butterwick St. Clair's. Bidding Evangeline good-bye, he said: "I carry away with me the sweetest memories of you. We have nothing to regret." She looked up at him with unfaltering eyes and said, "No, nothing."

The subsequent events in the life of the Bishop of M—— are too monotonous for repetition. He rose step by step, as such men will, and finally married Lady Bentinck-Grange. Other ladies sat at his feet, and, when they were not looking at his wonderful eyes, which were always focussed, as it seemed, on the invisible, they listened to the melodious obscurities of his voice. Some would have given much to run their fingers through the tangled mane of grey hair; but they had to content themselves with sitting at his feet and satiating his generous appetite for peaches.

Meanwhile, Evangeline continued her work amongst the poor. Her name echoed down the arches and narrow passages of the East End. She had well-nigh forgotten those callow days of her youth when she had fallen in love with the romantic figure of the tall young curate. Since then she had got into touch with the hard realities and hopeless inanities of life. Her face, still very beautiful, was firmer about the lips, but her eyes were soft and liquid, her brown hair tenderly touched with snow. Yes, she had nearly forgotten her one fragile, still-born love-affair when news came to her of the Bishop's death.

It came to her at her "Home for Destitute Women"—the crown of her efforts in the newspapers, and with well-off, charitably-disposed people. At the time she was sitting in the dingy twilight of her private room. A large oblong packet was brought to her, but, having a great deal of correspondence, she placed no significance on its rather unusual appearance. Evangeline broke the seal, and, having stirred the fire, she began to read in its fitful glow,

her quiet face bent low over the manuscript. This is what was written :—

The Sanctuary.

DEAR EVANGELINE HOWARD,—

When you receive this it will not be necessary or possible to make me any answer. Living, as I have lived, in an atmosphere of insincerity without any possibility of escape, and forced by circumstances to defend and extol that insincerity, it would scarcely be possible for me to keep this letter free from the taint of what now I may call my professional manner. Let me simply say, then, that the bulk of my fortune is placed at your disposal, to be used in those causes which you have so ably, and with so much self-sacrifice, championed. First of all, I do it because you are the only human creature I ever came near loving in the full and comprehensive meaning of love. I mean, you are the only person I might have understood. I understand you so nearly that I make this confidence to you, knowing full well that it will never reach the ears of those who might be hurt by it.

Let me, however, leave the personal issue behind and proceed along broader lines. Years of service in that spurious counterfeit morality, for which so many churchmen stand, has made it more than difficult for me to speak the truth at so late an hour. I feel impotent in the blinding light of proven facts—those invincible conclusions which, had we the courage to declare them, would go far to regenerate the world. As it was with races and species in the ages before civilisation, so it is with classes now—the instinct of self-preservation, the protection of type.

I am a type, and the instinct of preservation was stronger than all the human forces that make for common sacrifice, which is another name for common progress. Yes, it is true I "preached" somewhat eloquently of the sufferings of the poor, of the injustice meted out to woman, but I did this with a delicious sense of power, and with that unparalleled gift of self-deception which no ecclesiast in my class can do without. . . .

I ought to have been a poet or artist of some kind, then it would have been a virtue to play prettily with words, to catch the moonbeams and count the stars; but, as it is, I am bound by contract to the Eternal Truth: I am a Bishop—a guardian of God's children.

Since I have done so little, may I pause here to thank you for doing so much. First, and best of all, you have gone far to make women one community. You have organised them into solidarity. This step was sorely needed, and I have followed your movements as they were recorded in the daily Press with indescribable feelings of joy. I have read and kept your penetrating stories of women, of their doings in the factory, the slum, and the gutter. Looking over them again, I can find nothing that is not invincibly just and true.

May I quote one passage?—"Sex morality is stronger in woman than in man. You point to prostitution as it occurs nightly in the West End and in most great thoroughfares. It is one of the strange anomalies of life that men only see women there. Why are they there? Does no one keep them? The fact is that women are there merely because of their unhappy economic position. Reverse the position, and men would take their place. But no, no; what mother, sister, or wife would allow that? Yes, it is true; sex morality is stronger in woman."

I thank you for passages like that, and for the little opportunity you give us of escaping them. Had I said it myself in my capacity as a priest, I cannot answer for what effect it would have had on my congregation. . . . I could only plead for "divine intercession"—those two words which by now must be meaningless to God.

I thank you, not only for your participation in this great Woman's

Movement; I thank you also for all you have done, so simply, and without the slightest affectation, for all those who are downtrodden and oppressed.

Yours has been a great life; mine has not been a life at all.

"*'Tis but a piece of childhood thrown away.*"

That is all I wish to write. Enclosed you will find a copy of my will. May God bless you and your work.

JOHN HOLFORD,
Bishop of M——.

Evangeline closed the letter, and switched on the electric light. There was little change in her quiet face. For some years, and for reasons which were not very plain to her, she had kept a crucifix placed just under the portrait of one of the girls she had rescued from the street.

That night Evangeline traced it with her finger and said: "May his soul rest in peace!"

Lord Kitchener

By "Miles"

Sir George Arthur's compendious and charming Life of Lord Kitchener (Macmillan and Co.) will be read in the Anglo-Saxon world with a pious memory. Not that it will be the last word on that strangely romantic career, not that he covers conclusively the man and his work, but because it is the life tribute of a loyal friend to a man who will unquestionably hold an historical place in our annals: who lived and died almost a mystery. Lord Kitchener, like many other first-rate men, was a silent man, remote, intolerant of inefficiency, a figure of destiny, feared but respected. He set a hard pace and exacted a hard pace. He was imperious, lonesome. He rose to his commanding position through a nation's instinct for character, chiefly for what he was supposed to represent. He came finally to occupy a place in the estimation of his countrymen which he was big enough to realise was symbolic.

The writer does not regard Lord Kitchener as a great soldier in the strategical sense, though he was a soldier born, and certainly he was not the wonderful organiser popularly reputed. He was too much an individualist to be that. He was a magnificent and necessary disorganiser. Indeed this and his quality of secretiveness, accentuated by his long sojourn in the East, made him somewhat of an Oriental in his dealings at home with politicians and public, yet it is precisely because of this quality that the public worshipped him as the Sirdar. A democracy needs hero-worship.

Lord Kitchener's mystery was character. He stood always and at all times for the qualities associated with the word Englishman. He was in essence English to the bone, and nowhere more so than in his limitations. Tall, straight, fearless, commanding, truthful, simple, scrupulous, shy. A hard disciplinarian, a soldier to the tips, Lord Kitchener was the sort of man the English spirit loves and responds

to. His blade was true. 'In manner suave, in action doughty, the man was representative of his country : insular, no doubt, but a full man. Yet he had imagination, he was no showman, and avoided ostentation. His true genius lay in administration, and to us in Egypt and India his services were invaluable. He understood the East. He grew up in the strength of its silences. He was the exact Proconsul of Empire. And that is the key to the "mystery" of his fame. As such he found himself acclaimed as the essential and indispensable commander. It was his fate. Duty was his lot, and one may truthfully say that his whole life was consumed in the desire to live up to the character, to be worthy of type, to render service to his country.

Somehow the public realised this, and so at the outbreak of the war all Britain looked to Lord Kitchener. The great thing he did was the raising of the new Armies. His task was staggering, but Kitchener, calm, ruthlessly determined, with one eye looking two years ahead, would admit of no difficulties. He turned the folk out at Aldershot to make room for the new Army. He set to work to build up a huge fighting strength. But for him it may well be doubted if we could have raised these Armies, if there was any living man with the authority to create out of nothing and in such a time of turmoil the magnificent striking force which saved France on the Somme.

Lord Kitchener's reputation was character. Men knew he would never swerve, that he stood impersonally for country, that whatever he did his actions would never be mean, cruel, or motived by personal interest. In this he was Britain's cognisance. He came to be our inspiration. No man can do more for country—this is Kitchener's real greatness. It was not so much what he did but the manner of his doing it that endeared him to his people. He was the "form," the style of his time. It was not that soldiers thought him the best General, but that all soldiers saw in him the meaning and honour of the Army. It was no doubt the very defect of his qualities that gave him a world-wide reputation.

He was unquestionably a statesman, as we can see from his letters of chagrin at the continuation of the Boer War. "I did all in my power to urge Milner to change his views . . . to my mind vindictive, and I do not know of a case

in history when, under similar circumstances, an amnesty has not been granted. We are now carrying on the war to put two or three hundred Dutchmen in prison."

The war went on for another year because of the punitive measures insisted upon by the politicians—Lord Kitchener would have made an honourable peace a year before the Boer War actually ended. There we have the man of vision, the spirit of the soldier. The politicians wanted *Vae Victis*. How different assuredly the peace of 1919 would have been had Kitchener lived to take part in it!

In the Great War, he saw at once the essential points. He was against our Army concentrating at Maubeuge, but was overruled; he predicted the German invasion through Belgium; he planned immediately for a war of years. In October, 1914, he induced Mr. Schwab to place the immense power of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation at our disposal for "five years"—a stroke of genius this. "I have little fear as to our final victory, but many *fears as to our making a good peace*." Here again we have the soldier-statesman. He knew the politicians. He foresaw the danger of civilians out to remap Europe. He knew their weakness for vindictiveness.

Unquestionably, later he succumbed somewhat to the political atmosphere around him, so strange and alien to his temperament. He had nothing of the demagogue. He did not know much about "political strategy" or how to use the Press. His inaccessibility and intellectual unsociability did not tally with democratic publicity-mania. He ignored too much the claims of democracy. But in Sir George Arthur's book the so-called French incident is put in its right place, and there is no doubt but that Kitchener's much discussed visit to Paris was in the circumstances and in the face of Sir John French's words and the alarm caused in France by his proposal ("*to retire on my base*") an absolutely right military act which indeed saved what threatened to be a catastrophic situation. From the beginning Lord Kitchener had insisted upon close co-operation with the French. The proposal of Sir John French to retire from the fighting line could not be acquiesced in without due investigation, and in taking this responsibility Lord Kitchener showed a fine judgment and

a true soldier's instinct. Kitchener's difficulties lay simply in the lack of a General Staff, in the wooden conservatism of the War Office, and in the fact that politicians insisted upon butting in as strategists. This was evidenced disastrously in the case of Gallipoli. The thing was muddled at home, and so what should, and in all probability would, have been a conclusive blow in the war—effecting union with Russia—ended in failure owing to divided counsels in London and the want of a true strategic, land and water, policy. Kitchener never liked the Eastern strategy of the Prime Minister. There can be no question but that the power of ships' guns against land forts was overrated, the power of H.E. underrated. Had Admiral Sir Percy Scott been consulted, the premature and disastrous Naval attack would not have occurred. Lord Kitchener ought certainly either to have sent out the expedition with the necessary force, or stopped it. Politics were too much for him. He did not know how to engage the politicians.

The time has not yet come to tell the full story of the High Explosives controversy, but again Sir John French's responsibility for the "row" receives a nasty blow with the publication of his letter reporting before Festubert that munitions would be "quite all right"—which was not the case at all. Few soldiers had really grasped the importance of H.E., and probably Lord Kitchener did not realise the stupendous amount required. Probably the verdict of future history will be that he ought to have kept in closer personal contact with the needs of the front and investigated on the spot in closer touch with the French, seeing the new conditions involved and the extraordinary difficulties confronting a country sublimely unprepared for war in modern conditions and the production of war materials. Nor can we absolve Lord Kitchener from the neglect paid to machine-guns, seeing that in South Africa he saw their significance, and also the power of trenches. We catch a glimpse of the Army attitude in the reply of G.O.C. R.A. on H.E.—"the actual result is not very great," but it "would be welcome in the long run." That is typical. In those days Generals contemplated breaking through any week, an optimism never shared by Lord Kitchener, who kept his mind sternly on the new Armies. He never shared the unscientific optimism of the Cavalry

Generals. He knew from the start that it would be "all in." The priceless service he rendered his country was in grasping this from the first day of war and concentrating upon the creation of great new armies for fighting purposes. It may be questioned whether conscription could not have come earlier. The writer is of opinion it could have been carried after the battle of the Marne, but Lord Kitchener thought otherwise. Perhaps he underestimated the spirit of the people; it is a moot point and should have been tackled by the politicians in power. The writer is definitely of the opinion that even Kitchener did not realise the tremendous strength in men and material that would eventually be found necessary to defeat the enemy.

Yet when all is said and done, Lord Kitchener will go down to posterity as the man of the hour in Britain's greatest crisis. He responded to his mythical reputation. He kindled the imagination of his people. He was from the first shot the serene director of war, matchlessly sure, restlessly determined, the head and shoulders of the nation's responsibility. He laid the true foundations of victory—men. He was the needful stay in our supreme danger. He nailed the flag to the mast. When he went down in the waters, his real work was done; the machine was created, the bugle had blown true. His fame will live untarnished. He was Britain's man because he reflected as no other public man of his time the nation's resolve and in no small part its soul. If he was not what the multitude thought him to be, it matters not. He filled the position. We are not what we seem. His importance lay in the figurativeness of his example, which was understood rightly, and in K. of K. the public discerned the example of the nation's purpose and association. His natural tact was never more clearly shown than over Fashoda, when politicians were not showing tact. Indeed Lord Kitchener was pre-eminently a statesman, an administrator of Empire, a ruler of men, and his message, no matter what his shortcomings, was country. He lived hard, thought clearly, and hit always, according to his lights, at the stars. He left his country almost mythically as he had lived in his cloistered seriousness, without a child, without a "home," sure of herself, apparelled with the spring of victory, and justly he will have his place in the history of England.

Confined as a Lunatic

By "Oxonian"

The dilemma in which a respectable family is placed when one of its members departs from conventional standards of conduct is undoubtedly very serious, and the readiness of private asylum authorities to assist distressed relatives in "hushing up the little affair" might (if known) be commended by a majority of the sympathetic British public. But as family "differences" are proverbially of frequent occurrence, and as there appears to be an increasing tendency to invoke Lunacy Law to meet them, common humanity demands that the present obsolete machinery for administering that law should be overhauled and reconstructed. For under existing methods, whenever the sanity of the delinquent at the time of his delinquency is verifiable, the necessity arises of *inducing* "certifiable symptoms" *after* the trapping and incarceration have taken place, the victim of respectability being plunged into conditions in which emotion becomes too strong to be concealed and a state of prostration is speedily reached. This procedure is called "treatment" by the medical profession, and the emotions displayed under it are duly chronicled as "symptoms of insanity" by qualified asylum agents protected at all points by the law. Relatives who exhibit any compunction are assured that the "patients" enjoying this expert treatment soon become "steady enough" to be discharged. Only the broken victims know of the mental tortures entailed by the protecting (!) statutes as to-day administered; and the statements of those who speak from actual experience must inevitably remain suspect so long as sane human beings can be legally branded as lunatics by persons from whom not even the exercise of "reasonable care" is required.

In my own case the reason for the "treatment" alluded to is given most briefly in the handwriting of the school-

master-relative who, under the threat of a woman, consented to take a hand in the ingenious decoy devised by her, and to "petition" for my branding and incarceration: "Publicity in connection with what I consider a discreditable family occurrence would render my position untenable." (After eight tortured days and terror-filled nights in an obscene ward, confined in a filthy bed, I was duly certified by the two local doctors habitually employed by the asylum: whereupon this lady wrote that she was "sad to hear that you were ill enough to be certified"; and my Petitioner added: "so long as your attitude remains one of indignation . . . I cannot see how you will regain your freedom.")

* * * * *

There was considerable commotion in our house, and I felt certain that our last remaining servant would give notice if it lasted longer. And I was the unfortunate cause of it all, though, honestly, I had acted, as I thought and still think, in the best interests of all concerned. It was evident that I must relieve my family of my undesired presence for a week or two; and, as I was not fully recovered from an attack of lumbago, and as, also, I was too proud to let my relatives know the very bitter pain their attitude was causing me, I weakly resigned myself into their hands.

A friend of the family, a lady who had been very kind to my invalid mother, and for whom, in consequence, I thought I had a liking, had persuaded my relatives that the most desirable place for me was "this beautiful place at M——," where a few favoured individuals were received as "Voluntary Boarders," and enjoyed a perfect Rest Cure and at least as much freedom as could be expected in any good Nursing Home. She reminded me that my war-work had been very strenuous, and that now I might justly enjoy a rest: and she assured me that she herself was going to apply for admission to this place, which she knew well, the next time she "felt in the least run down." I didn't at all like the sound of "Mental Hospital," but—— to be brief, my misgivings were set at rest by an easy flow of assurances which I never for an instant suspected to be lies. As little did I suspect that my relatives had the slightest reason for wishing to "put me away"; and, when

I left the room to pack hastily for the next train, I felt that my promise to "try to stick it for a fortnight" was rather abominably ungracious.

A handsome car met us at M—— station (myself and a relative). I was disagreeably impressed by the glances directed at me by the chauffeur and a porter, and had to check a strong impulse to refuse to enter the car. Things began to look really ugly when it glided between huge automatically-opening gates, which instantly and ominously clanged behind us. But I told myself that I was letting "nerves" get the better of reason, and I bade myself buck up!

We swept up the long drive and entered an extremely handsome building. A man came down the richly-carpeted corridor and shook hands. Afterwards I learned, to my surprise, that he was a doctor. He presented me with a brief document for signature. Under that document I had the *legal* right to leave at twenty-four hours' notice: how could I suppose that "the authorities" would use the powers I had conferred on them, by entering their gates, to annul (or, rather, just to ignore) that document, and to place me in close and secret confinement, under conditions of overwhelming terror and torture, until the "symptom" of extreme prostration was induced—my certification having been bargained for, with my "petitioner" relative, before I left home!

I followed a nice-looking attendant down the long corridors to the "room" prepared for my Rest Cure. She opened with a key a solid door, and it locked itself behind her. We were in a sort of refectory, and somehow the handsome corridors behind me instantly faded into unreality. *This* was the real thing—this sordid, relentless-looking place, where one might imagine condemned criminals eating a last meal before the gallows claimed them! My heart began to beat wildly, and as the woman placed her key in the further door, I almost put out my hand to save myself from the doom descending on me. Then, for a moment, consciousness seemed suspended. I was on the other side of the door now. I saw—and I heard. My heart gave a great leap, and then stood still.

Before me stretched a long, dingy corridor, at the end of which, close against the ground, a writhing, clamorous

mass of humanity was struggling. Beyond was an open doorway, and into this had rushed the tall figure of a young girl, who stood grimacing and gesticulating. She cackled with delight as she gazed at the repulsive spectacle before her; and a squealing laugh from a parrot in the room behind her joined with hers, and added to her dreadful merriment. A young attendant advanced and scanned me curiously, then requested me to follow her. As I approached the seething group, the interlocked limbs seemed to disentangle themselves, and a single bawling voice made itself heard above all other noises. A woman of middle age, in a disordered nightgown which revealed her powerful limbs indecently, was for the moment lying back, shouting volubly, in the arms of two stooping attendants, while three others stood over her, straightening themselves after the strain of carrying her, and panting. As I came level with the group, the five hoisted her from the floor again, and carried her quickly, struggling and bawling, down the corridor and out through the door at which I had entered.

A few of the squalid details of the ward had reached my horror-struck senses as I followed the attendant, but with a strange sense of unreality and nightmare. On both sides of me were open doors, some leading into small bare cubicles, some into large desolate rooms, with many sordid-looking beds. The inmates were issuing from these rooms with their attendants, in outdoor dress. They were mostly old women with beaten, dismal faces; some were whining in tired, plaintive voices; others were shrill and defiant. One of them, seated in a cripple's chair, wore a fixed expression of sullen fury; her features, which were ravaged by a most loathly skin-disease, were partially concealed by a black bandage or mask. Another, a shrewish-looking old woman with a twitching face, shot suddenly towards me and asked me petulantly if I had seen her uncle.

The young attendant led me into the furthest of the small cubicles. A sense of inability to formulate a thought was descending upon me. I heard myself telling the girl that I was a Voluntary Boarder, that a mistake had been made, and that I was quite unwilling to stay in such a place as this. With an expressionless face she told me that my bath was being got ready—the doctor had ordered a hot bath. I told her that it had been arranged that I was

to spend the afternoon out of doors, which she said was strange, as she had instructions that I was to have a bath at once, "as our patients always do." I asked when I could see the Superintendent, and she replied that he sometimes came round in the evening.

The effort to think was becoming frightful. Or was it an effort *not* to think, lest the wild terror of awful inrushing knowledge should shatter my reason? I will not dwell on the vile indignities that followed that conversation. No sooner was I in the bath than a wooden-faced woman with a notebook came and stood over me, the young attendant meanwhile drawing the shabby curtains that cut off the little ante-room where I had undressed. A horrible examination for bruises was the next ignominy of the "lunatic" programme, and at that, terror took definite shape. In vain I pointed out that the discolorations on my back had the square outline of plasters, and that my ankles were scarred through sitting too close to the fire throughout the endless winter we had just left behind. The woman commented aloud and with apparent gusto on my "bruises," and chronicled them all. A sickening, writhing sense of impotent indignation mingled with my fear as I took the towel and stepped between the curtains to dress myself again. Then all sensation was obliterated for a moment by a violent shock. My clothes were gone. Frozen by terror now, still wrapped in my towel, I passed again though the curtains and stood over the bath, staring down at the receding water. The young attendant came and touched my arm and spoke to me. Her manner was kinder now—she had accomplished the cruel trickery without a "scene," and felt well satisfied. She asked which nightdress I wished to wear, of the two she had put out, and her touch was gentle as she helped me. Then she led the way up the long corridor again. As I followed her, my dressing-gown trailing, my hair hanging damp and clinging, I saw myself as the central figure of a ghastly picture that had haunted me in my youth: a sinister creature with shovel and pickaxe leads a procession from the gates of the Spanish torture-house; and behind him, with chained hands and livid, averted face, a woman walks —to be buried alive.

Mercifully, I did not know that, under the law, I must be

stretched seven days and nights upon the rack before I could be buried alive.

As I lay in bed, facing the meagre window, I caught glimpses of the old women and their attendants moving about in the little airing-court cutside. They were interested in a new-comer, and now I found a heart-piercing pathos in many of the old stricken faces that were pressed from time to time against my window. I still belonged to the outside world they craved so pitifully to re-enter, and they thought I could help them if they called to me for help. Little vigilance was exercised with these tottering, harmless creatures. But if they raised their voices, or tapped on my panes, a strong young woman would dart towards them, and they would cower away and disappear.

At the far end of the corridor I heard the voices of two of the attendants chatting and laughing noisily. Presently a gentle, crazy-looking young woman wandered unobserved into my cubicle and stared down at me. She told me she had a sore throat and was not allowed out of doors with the others, and she asked me if I would like her to play to me on the piano in the drawing-room next door. I told her my head was aching, which seemed to offend her, for a moment later she was at the piano, which, to my torment, was only separated from me by a thin wall. For half an hour she strove with the eight opening chords of the Lohengrin march, producing a fearful travesty. With each successive repetition the nightmare sense of intolerable strain and of wanton, deliberate nerve-torture increased in me, till I feared to attempt any further endurance of a pain that already threatened prostration. I left my bed and ventured out into the corridor, intending to beg her to stop. But one of the two noisy attendants saw me, and ran up towards me, shouting. "Ye'd better get back to bed!" My appearance must have startled her, for her manner changed noticeably, and she promised to stop the playing and to bring me a cup of tea.

I lay back weakly, and the bang of the piano-lid brought an almost blissful sense of relief. And soon after, a raw young Irish girl, with a kindly face and manner, brought me the promised tea and seemed pleased to fetch me a second cup. It was her kindly presence I wanted, not the tea. The all-pervading sense of horror was lessened as

she stood smiling and talking; and when she had gone a little haunting strain floated inconsequently into my mind, and took the place of thought, and comforted me:

> "Sure my kind Saint took pity on me,
> And I blessed them unaware."

Soon after supper, a little sharp-featured, business-like man, Dr. Marks, whose duty it was to see each female "lunatic" twice a day, passed quickly down the corridor and entered my cubicle. A great fear and a great hope together took possession of me. I saw that it would be dangerous to provoke him by any complaint, so, restraining as best I could the anxiety that was shaking me, I told him that I felt I should be unable to sleep in this place, and that I desired, at any expense, to leave it to-morrow. He grinned and said, "What makes ye think ye'd be any better anywhere else?" I asked him, terror-stricken, what he meant by "any better." But he only grinned again, saying that we might discuss that some other time; and after extracting some information about my teeth, he hurried away.

I forced myself to read a paper which had been brought to me, but in a few minutes an attendant came and took away my eye-glasses, leaving me resourceless; and at the same time I noticed that the noises in the ward, stilled during the doctor's hurried transit, were becoming greatly intensified. I got up and tried to close my door without attracting attention, but as it opened outwards, and had no handle on the inside, my effort was heard. Instantly it was jerked wide open and fastened open. And now my Rest Cure began in earnest. The patients were being forced into their rooms and undressed; and the attendants, in their haste to be free, were handling the helpless creatures with scant courtesy. Cries of bitter anger and of fear filled the corridor, and sobs and wails were mingled with curses and frantic, filthy language. One old woman stumbled and half fell in my doorway, and the hatred and misery in the aged eyes were terrible to see. "Yer dirty devil!" she screamed; "take yer bloody hands off me!" Her desperation was pitiful; she struck out at her attendants, who caught her withered hands roughly. Beaten and in pain, she collapsed with frightful suddenness in a loud and dreadful sobbing, and so was dragged away.

Already this awful day had ravaged me with horror and with fear. And now hatred flooded me and swept me into outer darkness: hatred of this cruel secret tyranny, wreaked in petulance by the strong and free on these helpless afflicted prisoners in their last days on earth.

It was night now, and the pitiful screams and sobbing seemed to be engulfed in a sort of throbbing silence. Those tragic wrecks of humanity must either be sleeping the sleep of the drugged, or they must have been harried and hustled into the remoter precincts of that unfathomed hell, where their cries could not reach me above the throbbing.

If only that throbbing would cease! Perhaps I could *think* once again. Perhaps once again I could be that far-off, placid woman who, a few hours before, had busily packed and given the necessary household directions, happy in the knowledge that now there was no imaginable sacrifice her family could ask from her to which she could prove unequal. No! better not think at all than think of that! It was too bitter; it hurt too much!

But what *was* the throbbing? I raised myself in bed, and it ceased. I sank back again, and there it was. Again I started up, and again it ceased. I knew now—it was only my own heart. (The Rest Cure was beginning to take effect.) I must, must stop it! Never in my life had I given way to terror before. And all this horror was only a mistake! I had been assured that the Superintendent would come and see me that evening—then this fearful blunder would be put right, and I would not stay another day in the place. I began making plans for my next move. What a heavenly relief—I was *thinking* again, thinking quite calmly. I was all right! How contemptible to have been unnerved. The horrors of that air-raid hadn't made my heart throb like this!

* * * * *

A long yell of indescribable violence hurled itself against the heavily-shuttered window of my cubicle—then another—then a great volley. Then an endless screaming wail: "God have mercy! Lord, have mercy! God have mercy upon me, a sinner!" (It came from the padded cell across the airing-court, where some

lost creature had been caught in some unruly act, and was being forced into submission by struggling attendants.) Again my heart stood still—quite still. And then my shoulders moved, involuntarily. A most deadly nausea seized me. I left my bed—I have no knowledge how—and in the smiting darkness I reeled against the handle-less door. I was suffocating. Oh, God! if I should faint and be found unconscious! What might be said of me? What might be done to me? With a shaking hand I rapped at the door, and the little simple action had some strange tonic effect. The faintness passed. But still I rapped—very gently, lest I should rouse some fellow-sufferer from a merciful oblivion. I must ask, implore, to see the Superintendent. I might be delirious by the morning if this wild fever of mind, this uncontrollable horror and pain, continued. But no one came. And the April night was cold. I stumbled back to bed. I dared not be ill. And the wails went on, and never changed. And then other voices joined in unholy chorus. And presently the peacocks were awakened; but their raucous cry was drowned in the howls of demoniac laughter that greeted a successful imitation of their note.

Out of the darkness a vague shape seemed to creep—an impish shape at first, swelling till it took the form of a giant, Giant Despair. It whispered thickly: YOU ARE IN A LUNATIC ASYLUM! Only those six words: but suddenly no other words in all the world had any meaning. They had their way with me.

Oh, what was horror doing to me? I must be going mad, rapidly. Blindly I clutched at my retreating courage, and tried to whisper back the words it prompted:

> "Out of the night that covers me,
> Black as the Pit from pole to pole,
> I thank whatever Gods there be
> For my unconquerable soul."

Was it unconquerable, in this secret trap, this hell of terror and pain?

Another shape rose and looked at me, and I saw that its terror and its suffering were greater than my own. It was Holman Hunt's Scapegoat, that saddest of all pictured animals, facing with tortured human eyes the boundless desolation of its doom. And for a time my own terror and

pain were drowned in a great wave of pity for all animals —those fellow-creatures of mine to whom mercy is denied. But when that wave had passed the terror rose again, and for one wild minute after another my brain hammered out Lear's terrible cry to heaven.

* * * * *

The maniac sounds subsided as the night wore on, and with the first streak of dawn a voice rose strangely into song. Dimly my reeling senses recognised GOD SAVE THE KING! and I found myself on my feet, leaning against the bars of my window. Oh, the blessed sanity of that sound, and the wonder of the sudden sense of victory! Courage came and stayed with me, and my tired brain cleared. It would be morning soon, and I should be sane again and free. GOD SAVE THE KING!

(*To be continued.*)

The Garibaldi of Poland

By Sir Thomas Barclay

THE first we hear in the Press of Pilsudski is in July, 1917, when a certain Brigadier-General bearing that name is announced to have resigned his position as member of the Polish Council of State. It was also the first we heard of a Polish Council of State. The Germans on their occupation of Poland had created a Council of State composed of twenty-five Poles to help carry on the government of the country, and the Council and the High Command had worked alongside one another so inharmoniously that Pilsudski was the sixth member to resign, and in September, after a seven months' existence, the Council resigned "en bloc." The cause of the resignations had been the decision of the German military authorities to impose a sort of oath of allegiance called "military brotherhood" to the Central Powers on the "Polish Legions," and then to distribute them among the Austrian forces.

The "Polish Legions," or, as Pilsudski prefers to call them, the "Polish Legion," in fighting alongside the German and Austro-Hungarian armies, fought only to emancipate Poland from the Russian yoke. Their allegiance was to an emancipated Poland, and not to those who like them were merely fighting the common enemy. Besides, the Russian revolution had changed the situation. The new Russian Ambassador in America had made a speech at Chicago in honour of Kosciuszko. The remains of the Legion melted away from 15,000 to 1,500.

Then Pilsudski became odious to the German military authorities, and was deported to a German fortress, and for a time he disappeared from the scene till it was announced that he had been removed from Wesel to Magdeburg on

account of "manifestations of German working men in his honour."

The name of Pilsudski is still practically unknown in Western Europe. When Paderewski became Prime Minister or President of the Council of Ministers, as the Cabinet is called in Poland as in France, it was generally supposed that he was President of the Polish Republic, and, in fact, the oddity, not to say romanticism, of one of the greatest living musicians becoming a political leader would have been in itself enough to overshadow the other Polish romance.

Yet, in reality, Paderewski's connection with politics was not romantic at all. He is a good speaker, accustomed to the stage-lights of public life, and has always taken an interest in political movements, especially in the greatest industry of his country, agriculture, for he is himself a farmer in the Canton of Geneva, and apiculture is his favourite pastime. Moreover, he has a high-bred cordiality which masks any incongruity there may be between his career and the political position which had been more or less thrust upon him. But I have not set out to write about Paderewski, interesting as his brief but active political career may be, a career not without its humorous sides, which, however, do not detract from the distinction of his tenure of office and the good name he has left behind him among his grateful countrymen.

Pilsudski is quite a different type of man, and it is time that Western Europe should know that Poles owe their emancipation and reunion to one whose life has been as romantic as was that of Garibaldi. I regret that I did not see more of this remarkable man to whom I had a letter of introduction from Paderewski. Warsaw was the ultimate destination of our long motor ride from Paris, and to see Pilsudski, the idol of his countrymen and the father of his country, a name that will follow Kosciuszko's in Poland's string of heroes, had been one of my objects in making it.

He has rather sad eyes. His drooping eye-brows, drooping moustache, and lank hair add their touch of melancholy to a face which reminds one of his country, of the vigour of its history compared with its languid scenery, the energy of its dances compared with the wail of the

accompanying music—a country of extremes and contrasts. And when I told the General some incidents which amused him, he dropped his melancholy like a cap, and laughed as heartily as a boy. Though fifty-three years of age, he shows hardly a streak of grey in his hair.

Pilsudski was born amid the insurrection of 1863. A terrible repression after that insurrection had daunted a generation. He received his education at Wilna. At twenty years of age at the University of Kharkow he had already begun his life work, in spite of a tyranny ingenious in the variety of its methods to prevent any revival of agitation. Of aristocratic origin himself, his sympathies were socialistic, which led to his expulsion from Kharkow. He returned to Wilna, and there in 1887 was condemned to five years' deportation to Siberia for no other offence than that his name and address were found in the pocket-book of somebody else who had been arrested on suspicion of participation in a conspiracy to assassinate the Czar! On his return from exile in 1892 he settled at Lodz, and joined the newly-formed "Polish Socialist Party," the primary object of which was the emancipation of Poland from her Russian oppressors.

Pilsudski became the leading spirit in the new movement. The Russian Government made a belated and vain attempt to conciliate, at any rate, the peasantry by emancipating them from serfdom, but Pilsudski by his appeals succeeded in stirring the old latent patriotic spirit, which in its time had been strong among the rural population. The industrial centre of Lodz now became the headquarters of the Socialist propaganda, and it was there that was secretly issued the "Robotnik" (the Workman), which is still the organ of the Socialist party in Poland.* Secret societies sprang up in every considerable village, and behind all this political activity was always the brilliant young leader Pilsudski.

The Russian police for years tried in vain to discover who wrote and published the "Robotnik" and where it was printed. At length in 1900 they unearthed it in the modest flat inhabited "bourgeoisement" by Pilsudski and his wife. It was they who wrote, edited, and printed the obnoxious journal. Pilsudski was arrested, and for a time

* The first issue dates back to 1894.

confined in the citadel at Warsaw. Here he simulated insanity so successfully that the Russian authorities sent him to the Military Asylum at Petrograd. A young Polish medical specialist, Dr. Bronislaw Mazurkiewicz, who belonged to the secret Socialist organisation, in order to rescue him, contrived to become a member of the asylum staff, and the two one day disappeared from it—they know best how.

He now settled at Cracow.

At the outbreak of the Russo-Japanese War he conceived the idea of forming a Polish legion to help the Japanese, and actually sailed for Tokio and made the proposal, which, however, was never realised. Pilsudski was convinced that Poland would never be freed from the Russian yoke except by force, and this meant, by hook or by crook, the formation of a Polish army. Other counsels for the time being prevailed among the Socialist Party, which as a whole was opposed to the employment of military methods even for purposes of emancipation.

He succeeded, nevertheless, in eventually carrying his point, and in 1908 the first Rifle Exercise Corps was founded in Galicia under the auspices of the Polish Socialist Party. This could be done with facility in Galicia, as such corps were common throughout Austria-Hungary, and were encouraged by Governments as a sort of voluntary training for the army. I remember hearing about these corps when in Hungary in the autumn of 1908. They were openly spoken of as the nucleus of a revolutionary Polish army for the emancipation of Russian Poland, and no doubt they added to the then active and growing hostility between the Russian and Austro-Hungarian Governments which at the close of the year brought them over the Bosnia-Herzegovina affair within an inch of war.

Galicia within the Austrian Empire was locally free. At Galician Universities the independent Polish youth received their mental equipment, and this was another cause of the Russian official hostility to Austria, where the Poles enjoyed freedom to keep up and propagate their national ideals. The corps grew rapidly throughout Galicia, and though officially represented as mere sporting clubs, the members of them all knew that in grim earnest they were

preparing for a new insurrection. Pilsudski, meanwhile, devoted himself feverishly to the study of practical warfare and strategy. By secret visits across the border he kept up the courage of his fellow workers in Poland. A war-chest was necessary. He succeeded in creating it with the aid of those who could give only money to the movement. Later on he formed the different Polish corps into a union to prevent any lapsing of attention from the common object of them all, and to prepare them for united action.

In the beginning of the year 1914 the prospect of a European War was already in the air. Pilsudski thought it would be confined to Russia and Austria, and that France and Germany would remain neutral. If strong enough, the Legion he was creating would be able to sell its support for the emancipation of Poland. He came to Paris in January, 1914, and tried to enlist active sympathy in his approaching effort to wrench his suffering country from the Russian oppressor. There was no response. Pilsudski found that no drawing-room rhetoric could prevail against the interested policies of the great Western Powers.*

Besides, Pilsudski did not know the character of the Franco-Russian alliance. Nor, for the matter of that, did any outside person till Clemenceau in a recent yellow-book published it to the world.

The unexpected eventually happened, and Pilsudski found himself an ally of Germany, of one oppressor of the Poles against the other, for, be it remembered, Austria had long ceased to be an oppressor of the Poles within the

* Pilsudski in February gave a lecture to a fashionable audience at the French Geographical Society. The following passage from a report published in *Polonia*, a Polish weekly published in Paris, partly in French and partly in Polish, which began its publication in 1914, expounds the basic idea of Pilsudski's movement:—

"The development of military preparation," he said, "gives our country a certain value upon the European political market from which the Polish question has been mercilessly excluded since the failure of the insurrection of 1863. The habit has been lost of taking us into account in the elaboration of international calculations and arrangements. The military movement brings the Polish problem back upon the European chessboard. Its importance appears to us to be all the greater, inasmuch as since 1904 we have been witnessing a whole series of upheavals and conflicts wherein the decisive *rôle* is laid upon armed forces. To-day the sword alone weighs in the scale of the destinies of nations. A people who would close their eyes to so obvious a fact would irremediably compromise its future. We must not be that people" (*Polonia*, August 18th, 1919).

Austro-Hungarian Empire. This upset all the theories of the Polish leaders. Pilsudski, however, lost no time over theories. He collected his corps together, formed his Legion, and, marching some sixty miles into Russian Poland, dislodged the Russian infantry, and seized Kielce. This bold move, the obvious object of which was to provoke a Polish insurrection, led two days later to the Grand Duke Nicolas' proclamation promising autonomy to the Polish people. As the Austro-Hungarian Government had long before already granted autonomy to Galicia, it had to "go one more," and promised in case of victory complete independence to Poland.

The Legion did more than the usual wonders on the Austrian side. Pilsudski covered himself with glory, and in November, 1915, was raised to the rank of brigadier-general. The Russians were expelled from Poland, and the Germans took their place.

In 1916, when the Brussilow offensive had begun, Pilsudski's Legion was placed under the orders of General Bernhardi, the well-known military writer. They were ordered to the most murderous part of the front with, Pilsudski thought, the deliberate intention of having the Legion decimated. After losing a large number of his men, he disobeyed orders, withdrew the rest, and was only saved from a firing party by the intervention of the Austrian Commander-in-Chief.

Pilsudski resigned his command, and his brigade was sent into the rear.

In November, 1916, the German and Austro-Hungarian Governments declared Russian Poland independent, the Polish Council of State mentioned above was appointed, and Pilsudski made a member of it. Public opinion in Poland had now taken shape in three political groups, the "Political Club of Parties," and the "National Council," one section of which was the socialist "Central National Committee," of which Pilsudski was the soul, and through which he carried out his policy of "Poland for the Poles." Meanwhile the Russian revolution broke up the old order and Russia ceased to be the enemy of Poland. The attempt of the Central Powers by promises and assurances to induce the Poles to create a Polish army to assist them, failed. Pilsudski was ready, more than ready, to promote

the creation of a Polish army, but an army for the use of Poland only, and, as we have seen, he protested vigorously against the oath of fraternity with their armies imposed by the German and Austro-Hungarian military authorities. The recruits who refused to take it were interned and Pilsudski was arrested. Until then, the immediate enemy of Russian Poland had been Russia, and Germany had been regarded by a large section of the Poles as a saviour. Pilsudski's arrest had the effect of turning the feelings of the whole population against Germany.

The German Governor, then General von Beseler, gave as reasons for the arrest that Pilsudski was the soul of the Polish opposition to Germany, that his activity "in Polish military organisation" was dangerous for the German army and that he had not refused an offer made by the Russian revolutionary government to give him the command of the Polish forces in Russia.

The Warsaw Municipal Council was about to voice the feeling by a demonstration against the arrest when it received notice from Herr von Glasenapp, Chief of the German Police in Poland, forbidding all discussion on the subject. The meeting was held. The President, Dr. Zawadski, read von Glasenapp's letter. The whole assembly rose to its feet shouting "Pilsudski." The President, thereupon, declared the meeting at an end, and the object of the meeting had been ingeniously achieved with every appearance of respect for the police warning.

Pilsudski was interned in July, 1917, in the fortress of Magdeburg. But this did not stop his work, which was continued by his lieutenants. On the outbreak of the German revolution, he was released and returned in November to Warsaw, where he was received with enthusiasm by the whole population without distinction of class or party. The German army of occupation of 27,000 men surrendered to the new Polish military authority, and Pilsudski took his position as "Chief of the State." Delegations from all parts of the country pressed their support upon him. He formed a ministry with the Socialist Moraczewski at its head. True to the policy of the Polish Socialist party of placing country before party, Moraczewski withdrew in favour of Paderewski, when it appeared that the latter's appointment as Prime Minister would be more effective

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LADY ASTOR, M.P.

with the Versailles gentlemen for the assurance of Poland's future.

In January, 1919, a general election to the Polish Parliament gave a considerable majority to the peasants or Conservatives, and the Socialists were in a decided minority. The Constitution is still in course of elaboration. Nobody I have met in capital, town or village, however, disputes the necessity of retaining the Socialist Pilsudski at the head of the new State. In the choice of his advisers his freedom from party bias has inspired confidence even in quarters where Socialism is regarded with abhorrence. But it must be remembered that the Polish Socialist party is essentially a national party: the independence of Poland was its first principle; the consolidation of that independence is its present one, and till it has been made sure, the wider problems of Socialism remain of secondary importance.

My conversation with Pilsudski turned upon the problems of consolidation.

"Poland," he said, "has been rushed into existence. A scaffolding of independence had been hastily run up. A solid dwelling had still to be erected. The bricks and mortar and tools were lying about unclassed. And while Polish statesmen need all their wits and energies for the gigantic task of construction, Poland has to keep up and increase a vast army to secure frontiers not yet fixed, to keep what she has won. The task is terrific, but it will be carried out steadily without the hysterical makeshift policy some people seem to think is statesmanship. The problems of most countries under the new *régimes* the peace has created throughout Central Europe are manifold, but none are so complicated as those of Poland, with an inner civilisation to build up, a foreign policy of the most consummate difficulty to work out, blocked in, as Poland is, between the jaws of two colossal Powers which by closing them could once more destroy her, and still without frontiers within which she can begin to put her house in order."

"Come back," he said, when he had my hand in his. "Come back soon. You are a Scotsman. You understand us."

At Spa

By Austin Harrison

As European chaos deepens, the comedy of the tragedy slowly enveloping Europe plays with lightening arabesque, even across the imperturbable composure of the British Press. First, America seceded, thereby throwing the responsibility of the new map upon Britain; then M. Clemenceau, the designer of that map, fell; now the Italian Government has fallen, to be followed by another make-shift combination, and, with the advent of spring, the Poles have started their war of "liberation," prompted, organised and supplied by the Allies, quite in the old spirit of Pitt. At last, Anglo-French financial jealousy has agreed how to dismember Turkey; how to share the new oil annexations; how to control the Dardanelles. Venizelos has reaped the reward for his enthusiasm for Mr. Lloyd George, in the creation of a great Greek maritime Empire. Italy seizes Turkish coal; France seizes Syria and one part of Asiatic Turkey; we "shell out" (the pun is almost unavoidable) in oil mandates covering Mosul, thereby breaking Britain's fighting pledge to the Arabs, who were "promised"—on the word of a general—independence as their reward for enabling us to defeat the Turk. The map changes monthly, but nothing else. The real position is economic, and despite all the apathy, lies, camouflage, and dishonesty of the politicians, the pressure tightens; Europe is seen to be sinking into economic decline, precisely as Mr. Maynard Keynes predicted; even Mr. Chamberlain, who a year ago whispered he would ne'er consent, has consented to confound the hard faces of the men who have "done well out of the war" with the prospect of a capital levy.

We may leave the map. Mr. Hilaire Belloc has touched the nation's hilarity with a new parlour game—guessing the map in a hundred years. He is a pessimist. Twenty years

will suffice to alter the present map beyond the imaginations of most men. Neither map nor politics matter. Europe's problem is economic—how to feed herself, how to buy and sell, in a word, how to live, and the chief factor in this problem, for good or evil, is France.

America has quitted the European quagmire; she will certainly now neither underwrite Europe's policy nor fight for it. We, therefore, emerge as the sole and absolute controller of the Treaty of Versailles and its results. These results are not political, though they are caused by the dislocations of the map, they are economic. Already they are beginning to mature in the creeping European paralysis of credits, currencies, and, consequently, of exchanges; in the phenomena of the defeated group unable to buy or sell, of the victorious group unable to Budget or attempt reconstruction. The positions of Italy and France are typical. Faced with a staggering debt, deluded with credit and money inflation, Italy maintains an enormous army which she cannot pay for; which she is afraid to demobilise; and having no coal of her own she can only buy from abroad at a terrible loss. Within, everyone has money, there never was such a spread; but without, Italy has no credit, and in reality all her internal prosperity is based on the printing-press. Similarly with France. With a magnificent stage gesture, she produces a Budget exceeding ours, and raises a loan to help meet it. She manages a statement by omitting the debts due to foreign Governments; omitting the interest on the recent loan; omitting military pensions, etc., and other debts. On the top of this, she proposes to maintain an army of 700,000 men, and the year's expenditure was publicly estimated by M. Auriol at £2,400,000,000, without contradiction. Her financial condition is chaos. Thus in all the belligerent countries on the Continent the word is insolvency—the candle is alight at both ends.

It is tallow, too, and burns quickly. Swiftly, unexpectedly, Mr. Chamberlain responds with the reimposition of the 60 per cent. excess profits tax with the alternative of a voluntary transfer to the State of real money, to the consternation of "big business." The man who voted for the Coalition, in the belief that if the Kaiser was hanged

Mr. Lloyd George's flotation of a £23,000,000,000 indemnity would materialise is to-day somewhat puzzled. His newspaper informs him that Germany must pay—unfortunately, the bankers inform the newspapers that Germany cannot pay, the politicians at Paris having killed the golden goose. Again and again this elementary economic fact has been pointed out in these pages, and now, *horrible dictu*, even politicians are becoming aware of it. At San Remo, Mr. Lloyd George tried to come back to earth and face economics, but the Parisian airmen preferred the azure. A side-slip was the rather dubious result. M. Millerand flew back to his aerodrome, Mr. Lloyd George caught the "flu," the Italian, Nitti, who, incidentally, is a distinguished economist, apart from politics, was tripped up on the way to the Vatican by the Catholics. Net result—nil. Europe continues her declension. There is to be another battle in the air at Spa.

The politics of Europe are too stupid to last. If Poland defeats Bolshevism, what then? Her troubles will begin. Her insolvency will be apparent. Never was a more truly wicked war started than this Polish attempt to recreate Napoleon's Grand Duchy at the expense of Russia, thereby driving all White Russians into fierce antagonism to Anglo-French policy. East of the Rhine Europe starves. The Czechs and the Roumanians are behaving like madmen. So incredibly foolish is this so-called peace that in Hungary boundary lines are drawn across towns. Thus in Satvraljanjhchy, a well-known wine centre, the Czechs, in order to seize the railway system, have marked the boundary in the centre of the town. All over Hungary the children are starving. Ladies are taken and flogged by Roumanian soldiers; their cattle have been driven off; they are left—to the tender mercies of Anglo-American charity, while the League of Nations makes frantic appeals to Christianise Constantinople. What a terrible Nemesis there will be! That is really all there is to say for the moment.

Spa, none the less, is destined to be of historic importance, for the simple reason that time waits for no man, and death does not recognise a time-table. The issue at Spa will be nothing less than European life or death, for if

another year rolls by and still the politicians cut capers in the air instead of cutting down their respective expenditures on earth, the fruits of Armageddon will blossom in bankruptcy, and the only solution will then be wholesale repudiations, accompanied by their inevitable but distressing symptom—revolutions. In a dim way this is realised. It is, of course, the reason of Mr. Chamberlain's brave challenge to the Federation of British Industries, who are the real rulers of the country. His unpleasant tax is Britain's first post-war night-light. It reminds the successful business men who hoped to fool the people by shouting "production," that deflation is necessary. He says: "If you won't fund the paper debt, you must be taxed." Mr. Chamberlain has deserved well of the country. He has steadied the inflationists. He has even succeeded in steadying France with a whack at champagne.

A righteous man! In hitting champagne, he has broken earth. Champagne is the world's difficulty; both the bottle and the devastated territories. At Lympne and at Spa, France will thus be Europe's problem. The position is financially well-nigh desperate, and it is complicated by the fact that, though politics can make bad economics, good economics do not necessarily determine politics. Now the prime factor, both political and economic, is France's claim of *reparation*. On it, she fought. Supported by it, she omitted to tax herself. Banking on it, she to-day refuses economics, or economies, or any deviation from the Carthaginian peace, rigged up on President Wilson's absurdly contradictory Covenant as a means to nobble America's "security." And France, militarily, controls. She has the men, she has the ships, she has the money—on paper, and the danger of the situation is that her paper is Britain's credit. To France, Germany is the enemy—always. True, President Wilson tried to point out a way of elimination, but in the process he was himself eliminated through the not unintelligible disinclination of Americans to underwrite the next inevitable world-war. France thus turns to us. Her attitude is logical enough. Her policy is threefold. (1) Destroy and disintegrate the enemy for ever, (2) or force him to pay, at least, £6,000,000,000, (3) or share the claim. We are Allies—

bon. The problem is economic. The alternative is the bayonet—chaos—war—what you please. If there are tears, prepare to shed them—at Spa. The F.B.I., interested in oil, nuts, coal, bonus shares, monopolist prices and the avoidance of a capital levy, are naturally somewhat perturbed. It never occurred to them that Armageddon would have to be paid for, still less that *they* would have to pay for it. They know—at least, some of them do—that a Germany deprived of credit and "raw," cannot pay because she cannot effect a transfer of value, and, with an exchange which is a nightmare, cannot even buy. The prospect, therefore, of adding to our own dead-weight debt, already put at £7,800,000,000, by writing off France's debt to us, or halving it proportionately with the deficit in the sum payable by Germany, has produced a fresh crisis calculated still further to steady the depreciators of gilt-edged securities at home, blissfully imagining that the larger the nation's debt the sounder was her credit. Yet such is the position. France holds the key. Insolvent herself, she cocks the pistol: "Make us solvent. Make Germany pay or underwrite yourselves." It is a pretty warm predicament.

If Spa results in merely another military tournament, Europe will continue her decline, and Germany, rendered desperate, may throw up the sponge and eventually declare bankruptcy. True, Moroccan troops might then victoriously occupy German cities, but that would not help the economic problem of Europe; it would still further accentuate its difficulties, and, of course, remove all further hope of reparation, thereby enormously increasing not only our financial responsibility but the unlikelihood of our ever being able to meet it. That is, in a phrase, Britain's exact economic problem before the politicians at Spa. The issue is France. The sole question which is of the slightest importance is this. Shall we be able to find an equation for France's economic plight, and so enable Europe at last to start her recovery and reconstruction; or shall we let Europe rip and see what will happen. The problem, as a problem, is quite solvable, but not under the existing Treaty, that is really the point. For Germany has been so impoverished that she is reduced to a poor country. She has been de-industrialised. Poor, she cannot pay what in

pre-war conditions she could easily have been made to pay; that is all. To extract wealth out of Germany, she must be in a position to create wealth and effect a transfer. She can do neither to-day, nor is there any prospect of her ever being able to under the economic conditions of the Treaty. To argue further about that side of the problem would be unintelligent. Unfortunately for the politicians, who are now trying to be intelligent, they made those conditions. To right them, they must revise their own Treaty. But to ask that is to anticipate the sunshine. Anyhow, the bankers will duly point out to them the gruesome alternative.

But we must be sympathetic, it is our duty. We owe France much. Certainly, we must try to help, try to save her, for that is really what it amounts to, and I, for one, am of the deliberate opinion that we should *write off her debt to us*, as part of a general policy of inter-Allied debt amortisation. Sooner or later, it will be found inevitable. The truth is, Italy cannot pay, nor can France. Well, hundreds of thousands lost their lives, and many their limbs; as a nation we must now shoulder the economic burden. It is quite useless to squeal. We should have thought of that during war. Intead of calling Lord Lansdowne vulgar names, we should have considered what he had to say. To-day, we have to consider how to pay for the Knock-out—how to help France, how to save her and Europe. Several immediate steps should be taken. First, we should face the problem of this inter-Allied indebtedness, which in reality amounts to all the Allies owing one another indemnities on paper. To imagine these bills will ever be honoured is eye-wash. The proper thing is to face the facts; to pull in our belts and write the debts off, and if we can announce this at Spa we can then assume direction. Next, coal. A coal policy is immediately required. There, too, we have the goods. All that is needed is a policy of distribution. Then we have to think of poor Italy, weighed down with huge imperial responsibilities, which at least she fought for, whereas Greece got the coal and the imperial expansion without fighting. We really ought to do something for Italy. Coal, too, is also the pivot of an indemnity. No coal, no indemnity. If Mr. Lloyd George would put that

on the table at Spa, he might next time he visits Paris fly through the Arc de Triomphe. Europe's problem is not the nationalisation of coal, but the internationalisation of coal. Economically, this coal difficulty is comical. On coal we shall either write off France's debt to us, or underwrite it. Better face a dead-weight loss bravely, and be done with it.

And now, the devastated regions, *i.e.*—money. That is France's heart-cry. Here, she can play thumbs down on all Europe. She has a real and terrible tragedy to plead. It blights all political sanity, renders nugatory all constructive thinking. "We come first," France cries; "we suffered most"; and it is true. The question is, how? It cannot be answered by merely pointing out to France that she made the Treaty, that she therefore is entirely to blame if now Germany cannot pay. The French retort is obvious: Britain signed it too. France has us on the hip there. Mr. Lloyd George won an election on the stunt. The prospect for Britain is to underwrite this obligation also. The unthinking public, drawing bonus dividends, blank cheques and castles in the air, is probably quite unconscious of the stupendous economic crisis with which it will be immediately and inevitably faced if, as the result of America's defection and Germany's inability, Britain, unable to assert her independence at the coming Conference at Spa, incontinently mortgages her future. Nothing less will be at stake. The map, the new demarcations, the oil, and even the miracle of New Jerusalem, will be as nothing compared with the economic issue at Spa, where decisions, or the lack of decisions, may quite likely determine the fate and face of Europe. The sands are running out. Every month the accumulations of unfunded paper money grow in the victorious and defeated countries, and all over the world prices are rising and an equation for production as between capital and labour is becoming more and more distant. *Fear predominates.* Fear of Bolshevism in all the ruling classes. Fear in France of Germany. It will be Fear that will go with the cameras to Spa, and it may be Fear that pulls the trigger. The issue is European solvency. Only intelligent thought and brave statesmanship can stem the tide of economic decline threatening to engulf us all. Only a single

European economic policy can avail to stave off the impending disaster which, an it comes, must plunge Europe into medieval anarchy and cataclysm.

What politicians have virtually to decide upon at Spa is the silliness of their own Treaty. They will not admit it, and no doubt the Press will kindly facilitate the operation of delusion with periodic thunderbolts to distract and amuse the peoples. But certainly all bankers know the facts, and I presume that most newspaper proprietors do. The agenda at Spa will not concern territories or empires but economics, and literally the only question that will matter is how we are to compensate France for her losses, seeing that America is out of the picture and that Germany cannot possibly pay more than a pittance of the reparation claimed. It is not that there is no solution. There is a simple solution, which is to obtain a new attitude towards peace and build up Europe upon some such basis as that outlined in the project of a League of Nations, to-day of course purely academic and impotent. In that way Europe no doubt could be restored, reconstructed, re-modelled, and in the security of the whole France could obtain the only security obtainable in a world of error and strife; but there would seem small likelihood of any such modification or return to sanity on the part of France—who has become frankly militarist—on bankruptcy. The question before us, therefore, is not policy, if we are minded to maintain the policy of the Treaty, but economics: how, that is, in addition to our own staggering financial obligations, to incur in no small part the obligations also of France, and consequentially how to pay for them. We are told by the newspapers that a revision of the Treaty is unthinkable. As a matter of fact, the enforcement of the Treaty is unthinkable; but for the nonce we may set that aside as too remote from the sphere of practical politics for commentary. Yet, if so, what? We cannot let France down. If she refuses to modify her Treaty and claims her pound of flesh, who is to pay for it? We are the only nation with credit sufficient to attempt the task, and we may dismiss the dream of those who think that Russia can be re-established and exploited on an African gamble of concessions. At Spa politicians will stand on Mother Earth. I do not see myself how we

can hesitate. We must honour our bond. We must prepare to fix taxes and pay.

But on conditions, the chief of which being that in return for economics France accepts our politics. It is bad politics which have made these bad economics. It is politics which produce France's frenzied Budget. It is politics which have devitalised and de-industrialised Europe. It is politics which are the cause of the world's high prices—sugar, paper, crockery, electric fittings, chemicals, etc., due to non-production in Germany—politics which, by creating an artificial shortage, have established monopolist prices with their disastrous repercussion upon labour and production. It is politics finally which, no matter what our economics are or may be, will bring down Europe into the abyss. Mr. Lloyd George will thus go to Spa with tit-for-tat in his pocket. Politics are made in drawing-rooms and "pubs," but economics are laws. If, then, the French persist in Napoleonic visions of rue and atonement, Mr. Lloyd George can push forward a banker or Mr. Keynes' book or Italy's bank-book. The measure of rue is ruin; the measure of atonement is capacity. Now the measure of sanity is solvency. It is incredibly simple. Any auditor can do the sum: show the extent of Germany's capacity for payment under the Treaty, show what share of the deficit we can be expected to pay. Mr. Lloyd George's position at Spa will be unrivalled. No shade of Wilson. Italy quaking. No necessity for words. Just an audit statement of capacity, and another of solvency, and with these two pieces of paper he can foil all the oratory of diplomacy, however Napoleonic or *cocardier*. We ought this time really to get on a bit. It will not be "wicked" Mr. Lloyd George, but the logical French who will pose the question of economics, about which of course people accustomed to a little arithmetic do in the main agree. And so if France cries revenge, security and the German peril, Mr. Lloyd George can put his finger on the audit of reparations and leave the bankers to explain the mechanism. The new French Chancellor is a banker. He will understand. The Premier should insist upon a fixed indemnity, and when the sum is fixed, rated at capacity of payment, that French economic experts should explain the manner

of transfer of value. If they fail—and they will find the problem quite extraordinarily perplexing—then our experts can explain. There is no difficulty. The problem is purely the restoration of credit plus capacity.

The Lympne Conference ended in another fairy story: Paris being "delighted" with her bargain, the Premier being "delighted" with his. On points, Mr. Lloyd George won, because the French scheme, whereby we get nothing from France if France gets nothing from Germany, is just unreality—the entire problem of getting anything out of Germany depending upon economic laws, not in the least upon orders from Olympus. It is a first step, though, towards the light, because it shows that we, at least, are now on earth and no longer in the clouds. The notion of a German international loan as a means of payment is not bad as comic relief, for that will depend upon whether America underwrites: which again will depend upon *security*. Fairy finance at Lympne may have satisfied Paris; it has contributed nothing towards the solution of Europe's difficulty, so that we shall no doubt have other meetings between Prince Charming and Mademoiselle before they really are "delighted" to meet at Spa.

Finance for politics, that should be our policy; new lamps for old. The old finance, a new policy. The other financial conference at Brussels should contribute towards enlightenment; but so long as Parisian publicists continue to maintain that Europe's problem is military and not economic and can get noodles to believe it, precisely so long shall we wallow in our present welter. There are at least signs of recovering sanity. We have got down to a £6,000,000,000 reparation. Halve that, and we can begin to think again. If Germany takes on three thousand million, shall we—can we?—take on the remaining one—the so-called deficit? That will be the nutshell at Spa. If Mr. Lloyd George can crack that one satisfactorily to us and to France he will indeed have justified his nickname of the "Little Wizard."

The Present Position of the Arts in England

By Thomas Moult

Among the hundred best books that do not exist, and, so far as may be deduced from sane observation of natural phenomena, never will exist, is one which none of us need to be ashamed to confess we have squandered precious time in dreaming on. *The History of the Future*, including an exhaustive section dealing with the artistic development of English-speaking countries between 1920 and, say, 1930, is the fascinating imprint of this phantom volume, although, to some folk it must be without allurement, having in mind certain Enoch Soamesian consequences of tampering with the infinitudes. But the rest will hardly shrink from foreseeing themselves as unfamiliar, as something which in the present year of grace they cannot conceive the passing of ten brief years will make. Few of us, when all is said, really expect to find ourselves geniuses by common proclamation; few of us possess the frantic hope in despair that Mr. Beerbohm has grafted so delicately upon the most ironically fated of his "Seven Men"; and because the premonition that we are to be comparatively unprofitable servants is not quite overwhelming, we can read the art-section of that *History* with an admirable detachment, with dispassionate curiosity. It is safe to say, at the outset, that we shall learn one thing which the student of no other branch of it may as reasonably hope for. Whatever devotion to literature and art is ours will be confirmed; the reality of our faith will be clearer and less remote than it is to-day, because with the veriest certainty the mists of circumstance which are obscuring that faith at the moment of 1920, distorting or dwarfing its various features, will in half a score of years have rolled away. As for the mists of the future, experience itself is the divine alchemy that shall dissolve them before they have had time to descend upon us and,

as did their predecessors, render questioning if not cynical, dull if not blind, our sight.

Not that the present moment is abnormal, or in essence different from the moment of 1910, or indeed of a hundred years before it. All existing moments, from their very nature, are confusion to those who experience them. Men's nerves were set on edge by the momentary dissonance of the *Quarterly* critics and the Blackwood lampooners to no harsher degree than they are set on edge by the quieter sounding if not more gentle discords of our own day. Men's nerves were set on edge by the editors of Mr. Thomas Hardy's youth-time, who abjured his pessimism and welcomed the exuberant and more sense-pleasing poems of Swinburne. And as it is not merely criticism that proves a nervous irritant, the art productions which appear to us to be of the most exquisite sensitiveness must have jarred horribly on the ears of our predecessors; just as, with what justification that phantom *History* alone will be able to tell us—

> "For ease
> And the sake of coolness, having dined,
> I loose a button, wrench a stud."

from "Leda and other Poems," just issued by Chatto and Windus, appears to be giving considerable irritation to Mr. Aldous Huxley's fellow-craftsmen. It is, of course, very understandable. Men's nerve set on edge, were they creator, critic, or general reader, ten or a hundred years ago, and we shall find men's nerve set on edge ten years hence—one of the inevitabilities of progress is that it shall be so. The essential point for us to note is that they were not our nerves that were frayed in the past, nor will they be ours in the future. Our generation will, in ten years, have approximated to the position of those, our elders of to-day, to whom we take our ridiculous troubles and discontents, our tales of boycott and bludgeoning, and who smile benignly and offer paternal sympathies without being affected in the least themselves. . . .

The mists of circumstance. . . The thought that by 1930 they will have cleared from our gaze makes us impatient to know what they can be concealing. The materialisation of the aforementioned dream-*History* being as impossible as was that of poor Charles Lamb's dream-

fatherhood, let us permit impatience to get the better of us and turn on those mists the piercing eye of illumination —and, if need be, loosen a prophetic tongue. . . Possibly it is a foolhardy decision, seeing that we stand, in a way no other generation appears to have done, before the fact of a new world. That humanity is undergoing a tremendous upheaval, the certainties of which no man knows beyond that there will be some degree of survival, must concern us, as artists, little enough; and yet we shall be critical ostriches if we are heedless of it altogether. The fundamental truth about our present position in art is that two forces are at work with a vigour which, being not so much reaction as counteraction, has hardly been fraught with such possibilities hitherto. These two forces, so far, have been helpless to express themselves. In the one it is hardly other than the emotion of a bruised spirit emerging from a long period of incredible and almost complete stifling; in the second it is a sense of anger and resentment that our recent catastrophic period should ever have occurred. In the one it is the desire to forget the past in the freedom of renewal; in the other it is the desire to remember, to remain conscious of all the guilt and shame heaped around us, of all the treachery to human values. There are occasions when the two forces become no longer separate, the vigour of their fusion causing them to appear one and indivisible. That the ultimate expression of them will be an expression of this oneness rather than of their separateness is more than probable, the negative qualities of anger and resentment being unable to remain self-existent for any but a brief and abnormal period; but the present moment sees the latter almost hopelessly apart from the positive qualities expressed in the term freedom of renewal. So clear-marked is this separation in the existing state of the arts, and so symptomatic of Europe's condition, sociologically speaking, that a social observer might gauge political eventualities even to the Far East with greater ease and accuracy by following the development and divergences among the younger artists here at home.

Roughly speaking, we may classify these two forces in art as creative and interpretative. According to his breed and temperament, there is in the artist the desire to remain passive, like the olden harp, for the gusts of contemporary

existence to stir into more or less intelligible utterance, or there is the passion for activity, for making what he will, not of this world in which he has found himself, but of his visional appreciation of the world. The difficulty of distinguishing between these two classes of artist is less at the beginning of 1920 than it might have been, and will certainly be again, for the artist of the interpretative kind has left almost entirely to his creative contemporary the initial step in that two-fold act by which the greater works in art must always be achieved, the step of æsthetic appreciation; and he has neglected all but a mere stumbling through the second step, that of searching for the word-symbols by which is expressed the æsthetic vision, the truth already appreciated. It is not difficult, returning for a moment to the poet already quoted from, to classify him as of the passive type, stirred into more or less intelligible utterance by the gusts of contemporary existence—although he himself might regard such art as extraordinarily active. The facts of life are seized upon and expressed in language which at the most is the language of analogy, and the intellectual effort in the expression is not a development from imaginative appreciation or intuitive visioning, but merely a continuance of the intellectual effort that commenced before its moment. The creative artist, on the other hand, seizes upon no facts at all; which pronouncement explains the statement earlier in the present essay that the tremendous political and social upheaval in Europe to-day has no concern in one sense for the creative artist. Creative expression draws upon all facts without seizing any. The act of appreciation, the visioning, is entirely of the imagination. The creative artist appreciates the organic whole in any particular portion with which life confronts him, whereas the interpretative artist regards his circumstantial facts as isolatedly of importance and æsthetic value. The creative artist perceives the reality behind an appearance that the interpreter tends to treat as reality itself. This recognition of life's essential unity in every single separate incident once came to another poet—the Grecian whom we know as Sappho:—

> Troops of horse-soldiers, regiments of footmen,
> Fleets in full sail—"What sight on earth so lovely?"
> Say they; but my heart ah! above them prizes
> Thee, my Belovèd.

The Sapphic vision is that of the creative artist, and yet it is not compounded of anything less than the whole of the world-wisdom, the intellectuality, the philosophy, the experience which Sappho had been able to perceive for herself and possess and co-ordinate. But it is only when the æsthetic appreciation is completed, leaving the vision imprinted indelibly on the artist's consciousness, that the inevitable sequel begins—that of the deliberate employment of world-wisdom, intellectuality, philosophy, and experience in the second step of the artist's two-fold act, the selection of the word-symbols for the vision appreciated. No one supposes that Sappho was stirred to writing that lovely stanza—worthily translated by, I believe, Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch—by the sight of soldiers and fleets; no one supposes that it was more than relatively necessary for her to have beheld them at all. They are nothing, when all is said, beyond being the word-symbols which the poet chose out of her experience; and, as a wise woman, she selected the word-symbols which she could handle with most confidence, the one inevitability about their employment being that they were the only words which she, creature of a particular age and a particular civilisation, found to her hand for her use. Precisely in this manner, and only at such a moment, does the intellect come deliberately into action during the creative process; we can even conceive of it never coming into action at all—if the artist be so exceptional as to have no desire to communicate his or her vision to the rest of us. Such an artist would have no use for the generally used equivalent!

It will be apparent from these classifications and comparisons, this attempt to strike back to bedrock, that a great many more artists of our day—or of any other given day for that matter, there being no purpose in belittling contemporary possibilities or achievement—are interpretative artists than they are creative, and that the interpretative quality is being exercised to its maximum while the creative expression is practically at its minimum. If we venture a step further in our classification and place the creative artist first in æsthetic importance, with the interpreter second or third or twenty-third, as the individual instance reveals itself, we must realise that it is precisely the sense of anger and resentment, the impulse to remember the guilt and the

shame of recent years, that is drawing the majority of our artists into a barren land. No great art may be fashioned of anger and resentment. Not that the great artist is devoid of such, and as the two forces of creation and interpretation progress towards indivisibility, towards fusion, this anger and resentment, this catastrophic consciousness, will by some miracle become at one with the more positive qualities; as they became one in Shakespeare, in Milton, in Wagner, each of whom must have had the common share, and therefore an artist's share, of negative feeling. Inevitably out of that fusion will arise, sooner or later, the great creative artist of our own age, for every age gives birth to greatness in one branch of art or another. He shall be the result of experiments innumerable, of experiments that are being concealed from us as well as of experiments that are brazenly thrust into our faces as completed work; he shall be the result of moods innumerable, expressed and unexpressed at the present time, as the genuine artists of either type feel their way out of chaos to harmony.

There is no prospect of a miracle taking place in the immediate future that shall change the artistic potentialities of the English temperament, so that we are pretty safe in looking for signs of coming greatness elsewhere than in our music. Sir Edward Elgar and Mr. Granville Bantock are the finest flowers of a period which on the Continent has produced Richard Strauss, Hugo Wolf, Max Reger, Stravinsky—and the English-born Delius. Our music, indeed, remains in the conventionalist stage, we have not given the least indication of that further growth which abroad has branched into the experimentalism of Arnold Schoenberg. Even before the war it was to Schoenberg we looked to carry on the great tradition which Strauss had developed. British painting, though still far from having outgrown its emulative period, holds promise infinitely greater. Therein we shall find half a dozen different examples of Schoenbergian venturing among the younger men that have vast importance, even though they leave us with none that we can fairly set against Cezanne, Renoir, Matisse, Derain, Kandinsky, and Picasso. Whether we regard the earlier phase of Schoenberg as of vital importance to the future of European music—the recent acclamation of his Sestet of twenty years ago by a

London audience suggests that we do—or the phase that came afterwards, dismissed by Mr. Ernest Newman as "merely freakish," it is at least around this composer that contemporary interest is centred; and something of the spirit of Schoenberg is to be found in the painting of young English artists at the recent Royal Academy exhibition of war-paintings—in that of Mr. Wyndham Lewis and Mr. Paul Nash; and, again, in that of Mr. Edward Wadsworth and Mr. Bomberg. The dominant characteristic of such work is a symbolisation that depends entirely on itself, as the symbolisation in Arnold Schoenberg's music—say, in the amazing and yet comparatively moderate *Gurrelieder*—demands an entire dissociation of ideas, harmonies, architectonic and rhythm. There is no association in our minds that will help towards appreciation of it. Such work, such experimentalism, must sooner or later contribute some new quality of beauty to our prevailing standards, most likely soon enough to be of positive value to the great creative artist of our prophecy. Mr. Jacob Epstein and Mestrovic have already indicated the revolutionary character of that new quality by their work in bronze and stone.

All good English contemporary painting, however, derives its inspiration from Paris, and what good English music there is comes from Germany. The few novels of importance by contemporary English writers would probably not have been written were Russia an undiscovered country, and it may be that the particular form will end its existence there. It is only natural that, as we can at least claim the inspiration of present-day poetry in this country for our own—broadly speaking, of course—the present condition of the arts in England may be faced calmly, however unpromising most of its manifestations may seem; as calmly as though we were actually turning the pages of that unwritten *History of the Future* may we face the turmoils of 1920, this clashing of two forces apparently beyond the hope of fusion. For we are bound to find our point of rest in contemporary poetry, our eyes following irresistibly not only those poetic artists who are travelling old paths, echoing old writers, but those whose movements work their will on our fancy, on our raw nerves, fascinating us though we loathe them all the time, or

though we believe every chord of their work a chord of supernal beauty. It is out of *this* futility, *this* usefulness, that must eventually come the greater profit, out of *this* mediocrity the gianthood of to-morrow. The evolution of the giant to come will be that of every giant who has already existed. Nor is future history likely to deviate from that particular line of the past which marks every great creative artist as emerging so quietly and unobtrusively that few indeed are they who divine his presence. Sir Walter Raleigh reminded us that " Passions are liken'd best to floods and streams; the shallow murmur, but the deep are dumb." To-day it must be added that the shallow shriek as well as murmur; and, by comparison with the utterance of the conventionalists and the revolutionists who are his forerunners in multitudinous mediocrity, the speech of the great creative artist, on whose coming we shall do well to concentrate, will appear in its beginnings to have taken to itself something of the attribute of silence. Whether by paint or bronze, through music, or in ink on paper, that still, small voice will record itself, has been a matter for our prophecy; and it is justifiable to assume that he will not come in plural numbers any more than he will be a multitude. For in his personality will be embodied not merely the creative artist beyond the battle of his times, but the interpreter also, essentially of it, tremendously responsive to the chords of a memory which is dark with all the wasted years, tremendously charged with the voltage of clashing virtues and evils, contradictory ideals and experiences; and our hope of him is undaunted by the fact that such all-embracing personality is the rarest phenomenon in human existence.

"Skin Games," East and West

If Bernard Shaw killed cock robin by chaff, Mr. Galsworthy has certainly taken his scalp in *The Skin Game* which is *à propos* of being a gentleman. The play might perhaps have been called "The Passing of the Gentleman," for that is what it is about, and when it is over not much is left either on him or his counterpart, the "lady." It is a study in type. It is a problem-play of satire.

Mr. Galsworthy knows his country gentleman and one cannot help sympathising with his leisurely squire who finds, in addition to gout, that his view is threatened by one of the new-rich who wants to put up chimneys and make the place "hum." His grandfather lived there and his great grandfather, and he now lives on them. And so when the Jackmans are ejected the squire's blood is "up." That hits the feudal side in him as a "gentleman." He won't stomach that. He will mortgage what is left of the estate and buy.

Enter Hornblower (Mr. Gwenn). He is high finance. His way is to buy up obstacles and, as the squire's wife refuses to call on his daughter-in-law, he also has his tail up. "I'm a business man."

The auction scene is exciting. Hornblower, using a blind, gets the place, but still the squire has a chance, for his agent has recognised Hornblower's son's wife as a former "pretty lady," and now the question is, Will the squire "play the dirty" on the upstart?

Weak, moving on form and formulæ according to his breed, he hesitates, but his wife has no scruples whatever. It is a "skin game" and the best man wins. The scene where the agent visits the girl and tells her he means to inform Hornblower, *père*, of her former life, is terrific. All the Puritanism in the race is embodied in this little sneak's contempt for a woman who had "gone wrong," and he treats her like a dog. She offers him money and, finally, herself, but the land agent is at least true to his type and

the game proceeds. Hornblower is told and is beaten. Cowed, he sells back at a big loss and decamps, though not before he has told the Squire that he is a "hypocrite."

Such is the play. Brilliant, intensely alive, brutal, thrilling. It is an artist's work, for both sides are admirably balanced and the characterisation is evolved naturally from type. The playwright stands aside. He passes no judgment, attempts no moral. What we see are two types before the test. Stripped for the fray, there is no difference. If anything, the "lady" is the kidney-puncher.

Is it true to life? It is, undoubtedly. Neither side is bad. The Hornblowers are "common" but people of use in the modern world—Hornblower means to stand for Parliament—not unnaturally annoyed at the airs put on by the squire and his wife because they are the descendants of a country family. On the other hand, the gentry have a distinct grievance. Their preserves are assailed. The Englishman's home is threatened; his class; his authority. How can he be a gentleman with factory smoke blowing across his lawn? He can't. He permits his wife to act the "cad." Yet it stings, for one of his tenets is "never to harm a woman." But this does not trouble his wife, who is very much on earth, with no tenets to consider. What does a girl's life matter if the home is saved? It is right, she claims: "We are better people."

The merit of the play is this quality of balance. Both good and bad are shown on both sides, and so the play really is a play and not a machine-made affair of situation. In a subtle way it is incredibly brutal, for it is built on the theme of another play in the problem of the woman treated like a pariah dog by a Cockney agent in the interests of the gentry. Mr. Galsworthy has written with zest, perhaps not without bitterness. He has designed a test which allows of no tergiversation. It is either or, and the gentleman fails at his hurdles. What, then, is a gentleman? If a man cannot act up to his standards in a crisis, he obviously is not a gentleman, and that is the meaning of the play. It comes back to commercialism. The world's new power is money. Before the power of wealth, principle fails because it does not engage with principle, the other man buys what he wants. Hence, the cad is evoked. It is the disease of mankind. If the gentleman is dead it is because

his standards no longer suffice. Against the Hornblowers, the man with credit, the gentleman whose credit is tradition, has no armoury. In the old days he would have fought a duel; to-day, if he cannot put the money down, he is bought out. We respond to cash. The god is capital.

And so by fighting Hornblower with his own weapons, the Squire wins, retains his home and his bucolic view, and the village loses the rich man's improvement schemes. Both sides have a case. We fight naturally for what is ours. We fight naturally for what we want. That is human nature. The question that matters is—how we fight? Shall we fight as gentlemen or as cads?

The play is curiously provocative, though it might have puzzled Sir Walter Raleigh. If the profiteer would call the Squire a cad, and the man of property would call Hornblower a cad, in truth both are cads. The upstart fights with his money, the gentleman fights with a woman's "honour." *Honi soit qui mal y pense!* Where does the gentleman come in?

Both Squire and Hornblower have good creases to their trousers—clearly more than tailoring is required. "Patriotism is not enough." Will the Squire be happy afterwards? But still there is a problem which arises out of the play—the position of women. This is its inwardness—woman. The Squire betrayed a woman for his property, his wife approving. Will the gentleman return when woman is free? Will she stand higher than real estate? Possibly. Meanwhile it is the women-folk who "do in" their own sex.

It is carefully acted all round. Mr. Gwenn as Hornblower is a great study. The London stage has got a real play again, a bit of life throbbing with its social agonies.

After the "Skin Game" of the West it is pleasant to pass to the East, which we are now able to do periodically through the performances given by *The Union of East and West*, among which the recent presentation of *Sacrifice* and *Chitra* stand out. They are both works by Rabindranath Tagore; we are in the realm of poetry.

The real interest of Tagore is not the poet—he has never reached the high flights of English poetry—but the man; this Oriental who is so completely a modernist, a philosopher like Edward Carpenter, a Christian like Mrs.

Baker Eddy, a politician like Romain Rolland. As poet, he is a beautiful weaver, fanciful, aromatic, charming, yet for all the delicate tracery of his song, unsatisfying even compared with Omar Khayyám with his full cups and tautological roses, which is no doubt the charm of this elusive Oriental. But beauty is apparent. Ladies are reputed to adore the imagery of his love potions, the sensitiveness of his florescent harmony, the unworldliness of his music, and —he is never too difficult. That may be the secret. Tagore flows. He ripples. His range is within our horizon. His horoscope is as the rainbow. He is quite the Peter Pan of the drawing-room and suburban continent.

It is Tagore, the thinker, that astonishes. Here, he is in advance of his time. With a magnificent sincerity, he ignores commercialism; he is an idealist, the practical Christian bearing the cross for mankind, and whether imparting religion or love, his mind is gloriously and intellectually free. In *Sacrifice* his theme is idolism, the goddess who claims human sacrifice and, like Carpenter, he strikes this blood-sucking fetish down. The significance of this from an Indian is of a world import. It is revelation. In his disillusioned Brahmin who smashes the mother image of sacrifice, Tagore strikes a world-note, lays the foundations of his nation's deliverance, cuts a clearing in the mythological thicket of superstition; if he offends the dogma of Western orthodoxy. But his method is poetry, and so he is not burnt at Smithfield. How beautiful, we say! If we only thought, how true, how wise, how creative!—we should, indeed, be moving with the times. But, alas! religion is a thorny subject. Knock out ikons and we get "spooks," "ruminants," and Sherlock Holmes turning tables. It is not so easy as all that. Truly thankful must we be that an Indian chips off a block with some delightful poetry.

In *Chitra*, he assails love. Endowed by the gods with a year's perfect beauty, *Chitra* falls into the arms of her hero, *Arjuna*, who is a warrior-philosopher. But at the eleventh hour of the sixth day of the eleventh month, the man is restive; he wants to hunt; he suffocates in the perfumed ecstasies of his bride—as always, there is a beyond. This, of course, was the theme of Strindberg's

Damascus. Then *Chitra* returns to her world-form. Will he choose her or the bliss of the senses?

Tagore plumps for the humanities. His man rejects the perfect sensuality, he chooses woman, the "winter of our discontent." Is Tagore right? Walk down Oxford and Regent Streets and ponder. See the shop displays of woman's finery! What is it for if not to give to woman that "one year" of loveliness? And are not we all hunters? The modern silk-stocking rather jars with Tagore's poetry; the eight hundred divorces a month seem somewhat to flout his philosophy. Yet he may be right—in the abstract. For there is no perfection or finality. "Love is an illusion. Illusion is a delusion. Life is movement. There is no summit, no end. Always there is a beyond.

Chitra is a beautiful piece of work. The best way is to join *The Union of East and West* and see these fresh and poetic performances.

S. O.

ED. NOTE.—*Inadvertently the poem entitled "Kissing You," which appeared in our May issue, was signed Norwood E. Cooper instead of Norwood E. Coaker.*

The New Poor.

The hardest hit class are the people whose income is derived solely from investments; what meant comfort in pre-war days now means a struggle to make ends meet. A man nowadays may be poor on £1,500 a year!

It is all very well to tell a man he must cut down his expenses, but can he? He lives in a big house, costly to keep up; can he get rid of it, and, if so, can he secure a smaller one? He has responsibilities of all sorts contracted long ago—can they be shelved?

These questions can be answered only by the individual concerned. He alone knows the circumstances.

Some men and women with fixed incomes have been able to cut down expenses, and have done so, sacrificing comfort and often health in the process. At an age when such things count more than ever before, they have given up many of the amenities of life, sometimes even going without actual necessaries. Their income is the same as before the War, but its purchasing power is less than one half.

What else can they do? He can do what has been done by thousands of men and women during the last year or two —sell his investments and purchase instead an annuity from the Sun Life of Canada. This will bring him an income considerably greater than he has before enjoyed, and he has the assurance that such Income will be paid during the whole of his life. One man, aged 63, has now, with £10,000 Capital, secured an Annuity of £1,082—more than double the income previously received from that Capital. The extra £500 has put him practically on a pre-war basis as regards finances. We might quote other cases where men and women have increased their income to even greater extent. For instance, a man aged 71 received the equivalent of nearly 14½ per cent. on the purchased price of his annuity.

This plan is strongly recommended to retired Professional and Commercial Men, Widows, in fact everyone who depends on dividends or interest for their income.

Communications regarding Annuities should be addressed to J. F. Junkin (Manager), Sun Life of Canada, 128, Canada House, Norfolk Street, W.C.2. Exact date of birth must be given.

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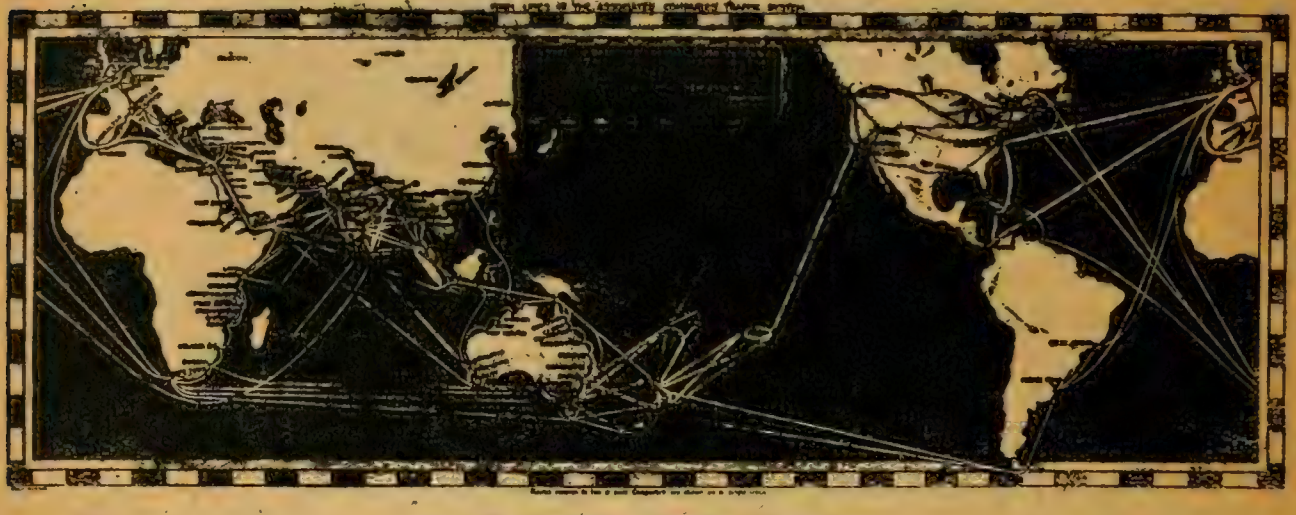

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Books

SELF-HEALTH AS A HABIT. By EUSTACE MILES. J. M. Dent and Sons. 5*s.* net.

WHEN Samuel Smiles wrote his Victorian classic *Self-Help*, prosperous papas used to wear "tummies" and side whiskers; to-day we all keep slim and try to keep fit. The not unconscious echo in Mr. Miles's title shows the new orientation of helpful literature, and *Self-Health* should have a considerable vogue in a world of eugenists and eupeptics. Mr. Miles writes not as the scribes, but as a living example of his theories, and shows us an admirable half-century face on his frontispiece. Indeed, we know him of old as a persuasive and painstaking guide, philosopher, and friend—a sort of kind uncle who takes us friendly by the hand and offers discreet and sensible counsel. This book, at any rate, shows him as neither a bigoted ascetic nor hard taskmaster. Deep breathing, water sipping, and practice of the sort of things we love, such as golf swinging and tennis service, are the hardest physical tasks he sets us. True, his psychology is a bit more strenuous, and the exercises of the sub-conscious mind perhaps less easy to the average sensual man or woman; but his kindly and perspicacious moralisings on the full and ample life are pleasant and restful reading, suited as the phrase runs to all ages and both sexes. It seems quite likely that Miles, on "Self-Health" may prove as serviceable and popular to this generation as the almost forgotten Smiles on self-help was to the poor Victorian slacksters who took health for granted.

BOOKS

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

About It and About. By D. Willoughby. Fisher Unwin. 12*s*. 6*d*. net.

This pleasant collection of essays raises the vexed question again of where journalism ends and literature begins. They were written in a "weekly," and are obviously vignettes; and yet they read better in a volume, and, indeed, show little trace of either hurried composition or superficial opinion; and with this they have a charm which is unmistakably Irish. Yes, this is an Irish mind. His penetrating vivisection, his comparative analysis, his logical lucidity—these are Irish, and so we find the best things are the judgments on Bernard Shaw, on "the brass hats," on "the sportsman," on "revolution." He is always limpid and kindly. A certain sameness, perhaps; now and again he obviously funks his hurdles; on the Gallic salt of Mr. Belloc he seems at sea. Yet withal a very entertaining work, tempered with wit and philosophic maturity, which certainly class Mr. Willoughby as a man of letters and a human companion.

E. D. Morel. By F. Seymour Cocks. Allen and Unwin. 10*s*. 6*d*. net.

The story of Mr. E. D. Morel is indeed a strange one, for in a short life he has been acclaimed as one of our greatest men, and spurned as one of our lowest. And he survives. In this volume the public can form a sane judgment on the man and his work. The truth is that Morel is a genuine reformer, an idealist, a fighter in the cause of humanity. His great work was the exposure of the Belgian Congo *régime*, for which the country loaded him with honours. Then the war came, and Morel attached himself to God rather than to man, and because he was strong he was feared, persecuted, and eventually locked up for the technical offence of sending printed matter abroad. What he really did was to send some of his writings to Romain Rolland in Switzerland. He thus presents the difficult case of a man confronted with war and his own views. That he is sincere is admitted. That his influence is dead is not likely. Rather the contrary. Morel stands for control of diplomacy, and in this he is right. He is a force in the movement of progress, and though many may regret that he opposed war, once it had come, many will hope to see his great energies usefully employed in the battle, now before us, of civilisation.

Round the World in Any Number of Days. By Maurice Baring. Chatto and Windus. 6*s*. net.

Mr. Baring has not only seen much of the world; he relishes life, and with that he is perhaps more than he himself realises the artist. This modesty, derived no doubt from Eton, is apt to make him amateurish, and it is so in these quite fascinating jottings of travel. Now he is the "Milord" savouring things, now he is serious, and when he is flippant he is just ordinary, and when he is keen he is good. He comes to a point on a champion menu, but he leaves out the canvas-back duck and peach-brandy! Yet he has contrived to put together a book which rather grows as one reads, which here

and there has really good things, which has the charm of quality. On America he is excellent. He might have made a really delightful work out of his material. He has only shown what he could do an he liked to take himself as professionally, say, as Arnold Bennett.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE LETTERS OF HORACE WALPOLE. Edited by PAGET TOYNBEE. Clarendon Press. 2 vols. 17*s*. net.

THE Clarendon Press, as ever an aristocrat of publishing, has now completed one of its most distinguished productions, the classic Letters of Horace Walpole, by these two supplementary volumes, prepared by Mr. Paget Toynbee from material brought to light since his late wife's edition of the previous letters was given to the public. His task has clearly been one of mingled devotion and scholarship. As before, the actual editing of the letters is beyond criticism; the work in annotation must have been prodigious, but the result is never obtrusive. The present volumes, besides 111 letters now published for the first time, and 125 reprinted from various sources only recently available, contain also a large body of correction and amplification of the former books. Of the new letters, a particularly interesting group comes from the collection of Sir Francis Waller. These include a quaint pair (reproduced in facsimile) written by Horace Walpole at the age of eight to his mother, and exhibiting little indication of his future mastery of the epistolary form. (Though a request for "yeare of assax and Jan Shore," here translated as the two tragedies *The Earl of Essex* and *Jane Shore*, sounds already of a precocious taste in literature!) From the same source come fourteen early but highly characteristic and interesting letters written to Horace Mann during young Walpole's foreign tour with Gray. It is impossible in a brief notice to indicate the many excellences of these two delightful volumes. Faultless (of course) in type, paper, and form, they are not only a new indispensable completion to the shelf containing their sixteen predecessors, but will without doubt draw to these the attention of any book-lovers by whom they may hitherto have been overlooked. E.

FICTION.

SONNICA. By VINCENTE B. IBANEZ. John Long. 7*s*. net.

THE FORERUNNER. By DMITRI MEREJOWSKI. Constable. 3*s*. 6*d*. net.

THE SOUL-SLAYER. By J. M. STUART-YOUNG. Stockwell. 6*s*. net.

THE TAVERN. By RENE JUTA. Heinemann. 7*s*. net.

LIGHTING-UP TIME. By IVOR BROWN. Cobden-Sanderson. 7*s*. net.

THE LAUGHTER OF FOOLS. By LADY DOROTHY MILLS. Duckworth. 7*s*. 6*d*. net.

MRS. WARREN'S DAUGHTER. By SIR HARRY JOHNSTON. Chatto and Windus. 7*s*. 6*d*. net.

PRESTIGE. By J. A. T. LLOYD. Stanley Paul. 7*s*. net.

THE BOOK OF YOUTH By MARGARET SKELTON. Collins. 7*s*. 6*d*. net.

IT must be taken for granted that publishers hold positive convictions about the novels issued from their respective houses. One of

those whose names are affixed to the above list of new volumes is frank enough to tell us so, thus making our task of dealing with the current output of fiction at least that much easier. A conviction is always a challenge. And if in his turn the critic also holds a conviction, he has the publisher's challenge as justification for any strictures he may be led to make.

Not that one's strictures on these nine volumes can be particularly exacting. At the worst they can be dismissed as readable. Two of them are translations that read like translations, which means that the translator's process has stripped the writing in each case to the bone. Neither of them can be regarded as a repetition of Lafcadio Hearn's feat of rendering Anatole France into English. It is the publishers of *Sonnica,* by Senor Ibanez, who declare that the work displays the author's extraordinary powers at their culminating point—is, "in other words, a masterpiece." One may far more easily be deceived by a first reading into believing such a distinction to be held by the other of these Continental productions, *The Forerunner,* for while both are historical, *Sonnica* dealing with the Græco-Roman period, ending in the militaristic triumph of Hannibal, and *The Forerunner* covering the reign of the Duke of Milan, the Russian novelist has the advantage of being able to introduce into his story the giant figure of Leonardo da Vinci. Compared with this, Senor Ibanez has nothing to give us but the picturesque people of Saguntum, courtesans, dancers, philosophers, politicians, and warriors. The story of the beautiful Sonnica is very entertaining, with its luxurious, if obvious, surroundings of marble baths, blue fluted columns and the like, and its descriptions of the heroine enjoying her own beauty, caressing with "eager" hands her firm, round throat, "testing the firm elasticity of her breasts, the pearly globules terminating in a soft rose petal." But the success is that of a guidebook to antiquity, just as Merejowski's success is that of the mediæval historian, with indiscriminate dippings into Leonardo's life-record and his note-books.

If the publisher of Mr. Stuart-Young's volume, *The Soul-Slayer,* does not presume to introduce it with superlatives, he at least helps us, by means of an inserted leaflet "for the guidance of reviewers," to see how competent is the author to write a story with a tropical setting. Mr. Young has been acquainted with West Africa and Nigeria since his twentieth year. The story is centred in the son of a sinister Englishman and a very passionate young negress, and culminates in conjugal murder and the accused wife's acquittal by a sympathetic jury. The author, by direct reference, makes a brave claim to comparison of his book with *Kim.* Otherwise it would have been easy to classify it without qualification as very readable fiction—a term, by the way, which might be applied to several other of the volumes. There is a tropical narrative, for instance, of a very different type—*The Tavern,* in which we are cleverly and wittily introduced to an English girl transplanted to South Africa, and to her amusing troubles in that sphere of Colonial venture, domestic scandal, slaves and spices, intrigue and mystery. There is Mr. Ivor Brown's jolly story of a young "advance" agent to an actress whom he saves very adroitly from the decline in popularity of which she

has been pathetically in danger; *The Laughter of Fools*, by Lady Mills, which tells racily how the smart set spent their war-time—a queer crowd who are either "blind to the wide," as they themselves phrase it, or sitting on the laps of strange young men, or regaling each other with "long, clever kisses," or proposing to die together in a "smoke dream, satiated with love," or moving from *danses macabres* to Black Masses, blood-lust orgies, or opium dens; and Sir Harry Johnston's daring continuation of Mr. Shaw's play, *Mrs. Warren's Profession,* as a novel concerning her daughter. Vivie Warren is a suffragist and a war-worker in Belgium, and ends with respectable marriage at forty-three. The whole thing has so little kinship with Mr. Shaw's work that we are inclined to estimate it independently; and, readable though it remains, we realise how little qualification Sir Harry Johnston has for the writing of fiction. Indeed, of all these readable volumes only Mr. Brown's possesses any definite literary value, and that is very slight.

There are two books at the end of our list which have neither the handicap of a publisher's introduction, nor the quality which makes them simply entertaining. *Prestige* is a very clever study of one of those journalistic factories which supply commonplace "dope" for the public; rather Arnold Bennettesque, and inclined to over-seriousness, it is a story of strong and ruthless, if unequal, characterisation, full of wit and good thinking. *The Book of Youth* is written with similar earnestness and conviction, though more sentimentally and less convincingly. The one criticism we have to make concerns the final moment of Miss Skelton's book. How often since the war have we come upon such concluding phrases as these in the work of young writers: "'Courage,' he repeated. Their eyes met for a long, long moment. . . . A great faith . . . possessed them. Still clasping hands, they passed through the crowded streets to the struggles of to-morrow." T. M.

AN IMPERFECT MOTHER. By J. D. BERESFORD. W. Collins, Sons & Co. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

WHAT is woman's final weapon, her last line of defence in face of the persistent male? Tears have long held the field in masculine text-books of sex strategy, but tears are, of course, an appeal *ad misericordium*—just "Kamerad" or at best a mere smoke-screen. Mr. Beresford confidently tells us of a certain cruel, hard laugh with which the sorely beset woman wins a desperate situation just as the rixus of the she wolf, or the cave woman, must have often done; and this laugh is the central pivot upon which his vivid and unusual story turns. "An Imperfect Mother" is the story of a boy's development into a man. We find him in the schoolroom and leave him on the brink of matrimony; and his imperfect mother, who has used the laugh effectively at one great crisis of her life, tells him, at another, that this weapon is only a painted lath, and sacrifices her own forlorn hope of dominance by unmasking the defences of the girl rival, who will henceforth be the woman for her boy. The story is well set and well played, abounding in original types and full of interesting incident. The imperfect mother herself is a remark-

able creation, and the story is full of wit and understanding, but it is this new contribution to the folklore of womankind which will stick in the mind of the student of the elusive feminine when the delight of the drama is over.

THE CHEATS. By MARJORIE BOWEN. Collins. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

MISS MARJORIE BOWEN'S remarkable gift of "giving verisimilitude to a bald and unconvincing narrative" by intuitive touches of invention has rather deserted her in this story, in which psychological reaction takes the place of action. Her theme is a big one—the disillusionment of a young man set upon a dreadful eminence, governed and thwarted in all his desires and ambitions, and, at length, surrendering to the *force majeure* of which he has been the half-rebellious puppet: the tragedy of a soul, in short, of which the greatest tragedy is that the soul itself is sullen, half-hearted, and uninteresting. Inherent improbabilities of setting do not matter. Charles II. might have had a son in wedlock during his youthful stay in Jersey; he might conceivably have desired to keep him about his person, after the Treaty of Dover, in the capacity of confessor, and, finding him impracticable, might have abandoned him to the Jesuits. What does matter is that Charles is a dull person in a dark peruke, Buckingham a stout person in a fair one, the Jesuits devoted nonentities, and the hero a tedious mood of gloom. For a writer who surprises us by her powers of realisation, "The Cheats" is a not too happy experiment in personal analysis, although it has a certain dark fatality and is assuredly no mere pot-boiler.

MILITARY.

STRATEGIC CAMOUFLAGE. By SOLOMON J. SOLOMON, R.A. John Murray. 21*s.* net.

LIKE a true artist, Sir Solomon J. Solomon tilts, in this provocative and fascinating tome of argument and illustrations, at the British soldier, whose pet theory is that nothing changes, and that only by passing out of Sandhurst can a man understand war. His case is camouflage, which, he asserts, enabled the Germans to carry out their March break-through by hiding huge armies near to our lines, unobserved by us. In part, the artist is right. Certainly the Germans understood camouflage as the Allies did not; certainly their losses were curiously small in comparison with the Allies, but surely he exaggerates. His own case is weakened because he rightly stands for scientific efficiency, yet it is here that he gives himself away when he repeats such stock platitudes as the Germans preparing for forty years, when the truth is the Germans were not prepared —had not, for instance, in 1914 seen the importance of the air or submarines, or food supplies, or machine-guns, or trenches, or the power of the defensive arm, and were frustrated in consequence. Still, the artist is no doubt considerably right, and certainly camouflage should be made a serious branch of the Army in close association with the air, in which branch the artist should be, and can be the only scientific, instructor.

VERSE.

Lines of Life. By Henry W. Nevinson. Allen and Unwin. 3*s.* 6*d.* net.

The White Road. By Eva Martin. Philip Allan. 3*s.* 6*d.* net.

Rosalys and Other Poems. By Gerald Cumberland. Grant Richards. 3*s.* 6*d.* net.

Moods and Lyrics. By A. E. Lloyd Maunsell. Duckworth. 5*s.* net.

The Red Dragon. By Llewelyn Slingsby Bethell. Blackwell. 2*s.* 6*d.* net.

About contemporary poets one thing at least is certain. Not only do they possess technical knowledge and the skill to use it; their intentions also are excellent. In the case of certain writers in the above list, such as Mr. Nevinson and Miss Martin, we may even grant a free and self-sustaining personality behind the verses. Perhaps it is because in every particular the modern poet's make-up can be analysed thus satisfactorily that we do not lay these volumes down with quite the satisfaction we must of necessity expect to obtain from the reading of poetry.

Mr. Nevinson's mind is revealed by *Lines of Life* as one of definite philosophical notions, high idealism, and well-ordered plans for social conduct. "Misericorde" is an example of these characteristics subtly blended and softened by a poetic atmosphere. We find quite a number of similar examples, though her qualities are not so conveniently precise for analysis, in Miss Martin's *The White Road.* "Crave not for peace," says her old poet to the young poet; "crave tempests, thou, instead." And about either of these authors we feel that their period of tempest, when ideals and sentiments swept them irresistibly forward to their expression, is a thing of previous years. They have become infallibly self-contained.

There is, on the other hand, in the work of Mr. Cumberland, Mr. Lloyd Maunsell, and Mr. Bethell something to indicate that they are at present in the period which makes more assuredly, not so much for poetic expression—our other two writers have the power for this—as for poetic suggestion. To choose an example from each of their volumes, "A Visitant," "A Vision," and "A London Lyric," one might say that they have not quite the same concern with their minds. Their outlook is vague enough to be confused with that personal vison which is impossible to communicate except through the only words. We feel that the communication in their case is possible in other words. Because of this they are no nearer in actuality than our more self-contained writers to the finer achievement of poetry (which is not necessarily poetic), if less far away in possibility.

T. M.

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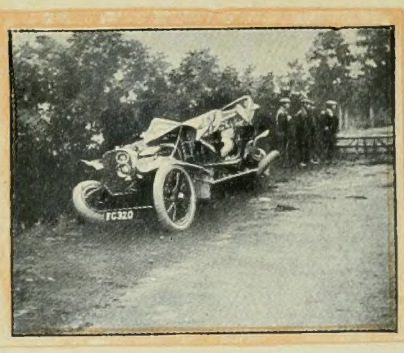

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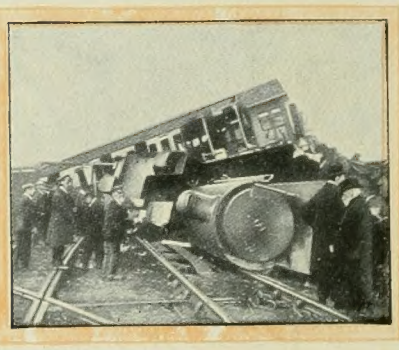

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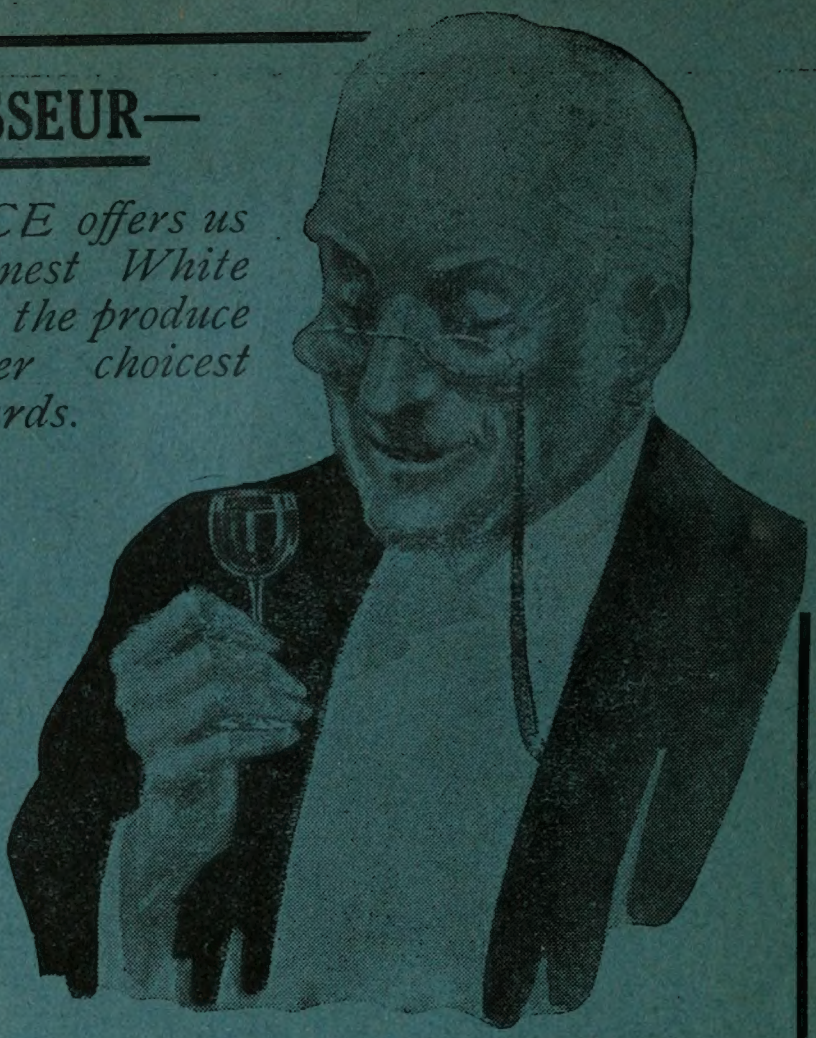

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